WITH SUPPLEMENT.] **GRAND CHRISTMAS NUMBER.** [PRICE TWOPENCE.

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AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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J. M. DRAPER (Dept. 141),

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HINDE'S HAIR WAVERS

The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction, with costs, restraining a West End Draper from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's" Curlers. Evidence was given by a lady-nurse, Mrs. Nobbs of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine unless they bear the name "Hinde's" legibly impressed both on the article and on the box. The present fashion of Undulated hair renders 'Hinde's Wavers' Nos. 18, 19, 20, a necessity at any well-appointed toilet table, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1/- boxes by every dealer in the three Queendoms, or Sample box may be had free by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, Hindes Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.

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To Correspondents.

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TALK OF LONDON

A Happy Christmas to all "P.I.P." Readers at Home and Abroad!

IT is the same old annual wish, but till you can suggest a better one, Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall persist doggedly in its use. This Issue is our 1903 Christmas Number, and I hope you will like it. It has been the Editor's intention to give, for the most part, pictures embodying Yule-tide sentiment, at the same time paying due regard to other topical requirements. As I wrote last year, there are a few people who detest Christmas, and there are thousands of others who pretend to. Christmas sentiment, we are told, is a thing of the past. Even "Dagonet" the Genial seems to accept that as a fact.

"The sentimental Christmas," he says, "belonged to a sentimental age, and this is a cynical one. Even the luxury of woe is being abandoned. The tearful tale no longer attracts. Nobody wants to cry to-day, and certainly no one wants to pay money in order to be made to cry. Pathos and humour have wandered out of fashion hand-in-hand. Gloom and cynicism have taken their place in the novel and the play. Romance and fantasy still hold their own, but sentiment—the sentiment of the Dickens day—is dead, and R.I.P. has been cut deep upon its tombstone.

"There is another matter which has considerably modified our Christmas manners and customs. The victories of science over time and space have brought the world closer together. The family reunion is no longer as a rule a question of one season of the year. It can be accomplished cheaply almost at any time. Relations who can come together at Christmas can come together every Sunday in the year—if they really want to. The modern idea is to go out of town at Christmas in order to avoid having your relations to dinner."

Dear me, what an awful world it must be, when even the merry jester of the *Referee* takes so gloomy a view! What has suddenly happened? Is it the Fiscal question, and is the contemplation of "dumping" productive of the condition known as "down in the dumps"? Like others, I have had to read the arguments for and against Free Trade; but I am pleased to say that as yet they have not quite robbed me of my old regard for Christmas. That what we call cynicism is growing, I am compelled to admit. But is it the real thing, after all? Is it not in a large percentage of cases only a sort of armour with which in these stern, competitive days men shield their hearts in business hours? I know people, and I am sure "Dagonet" knows them too, who assume a misanthropy which is pure affectation. "See him in his office and then see him at home, and you wouldn't think it was the same man," is a phrase in quite common use. Look at our Supplement, "Christmas Comes But Once a Year." It is a picture of a scene which will be enacted in many a thousand homes this Christmas. The men in the picture are quite well-known types, some of whom in real business life would no doubt be called hard, cynical men. But in their own homes they are different. While it is a matter of self-defence to assume a demeanour of mingled suspicion of and contempt for human nature outside, at home there exists no similar necessity. Heart opens to heart there, where, among one's own flesh and blood, there is no distrust. And it is just because Christmas is the

Great Annual Family Festival

that I refuse to believe in the decline of its popularity. In saying that "relations can come together every Sunday in the year—if they really want to," I think "Dagonet" forgets that the days of universal banking accounts are not yet. Cheap as modern railway excursions are, they are still effectually beyond the means of thousands and tens of thousands of good, worthy people. And these good, worthy people, despite their lack of

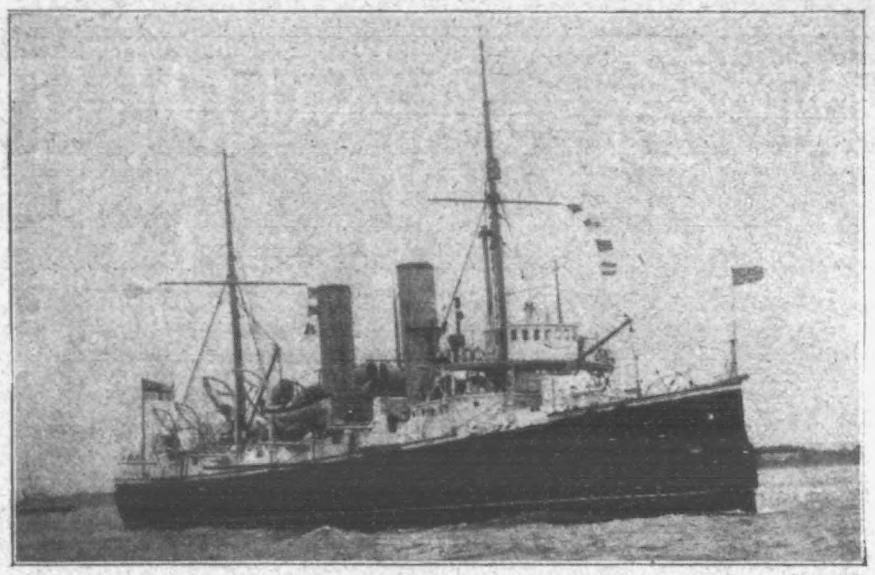


Photo. Cribb.

H.M.S. "FLORA," THE BRITISH CRUISER WHICH WAS WRECKED OFF COMAX LAST WEEK.

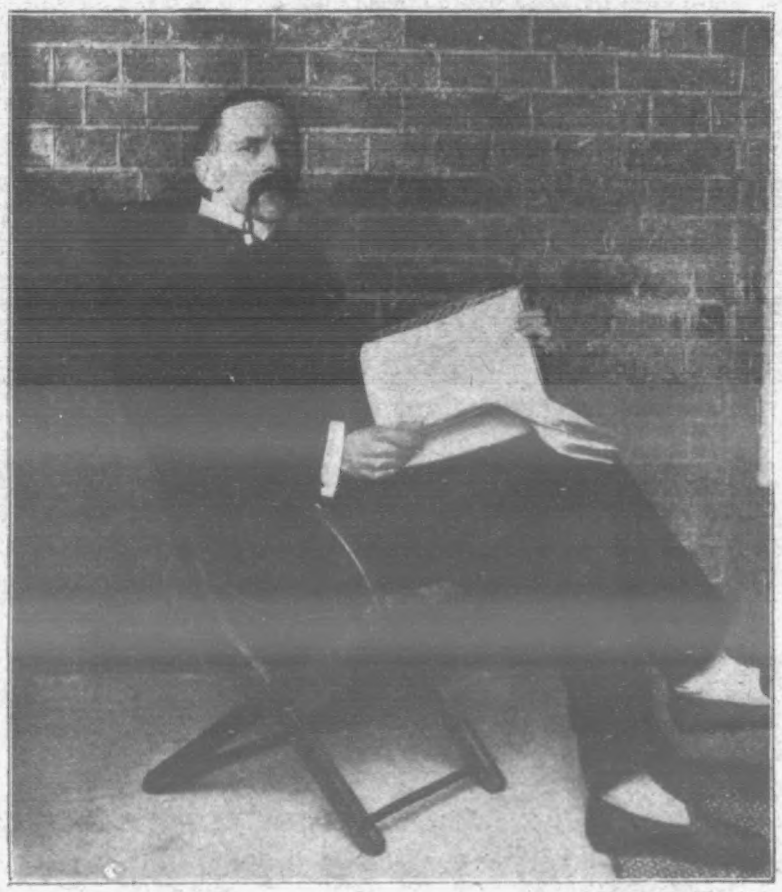


Photo. Park.

THE WINNER OF THE "TIMES" COMPETITION:

MR. LESLIE ASHE, B.A.,

WHO HAS BEEN AWARDED £1000 IN CONNECTION WITH THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA" COMPETITION.

MADEMOISELLE DILHAM,

THE FRENCH LADY ADVOCATE WHO RECENTLY DEFENDED AN ALLEGED MURDERER WITH SUCCESS. THIS PHOTOGRAPH IS THE MORE INTERESTING FROM THE FACT THAT THE QUESTION OF ADMITTING LADIES TO THE ENGLISH BAR HAS BEEN LATELY DISCUSSED.

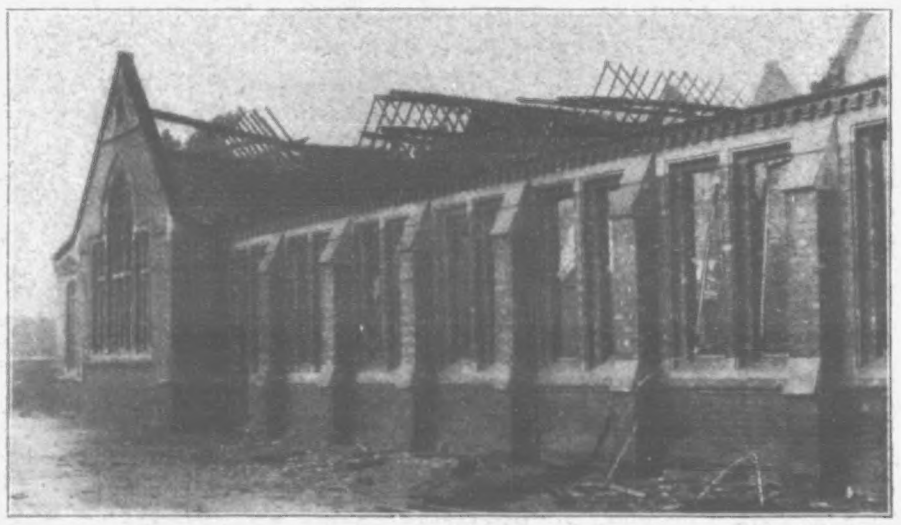
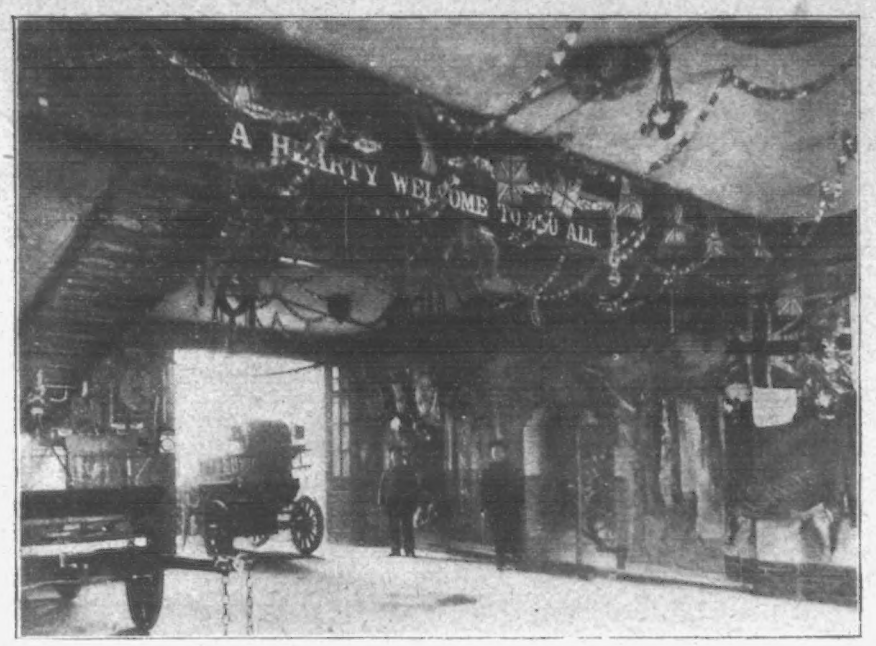
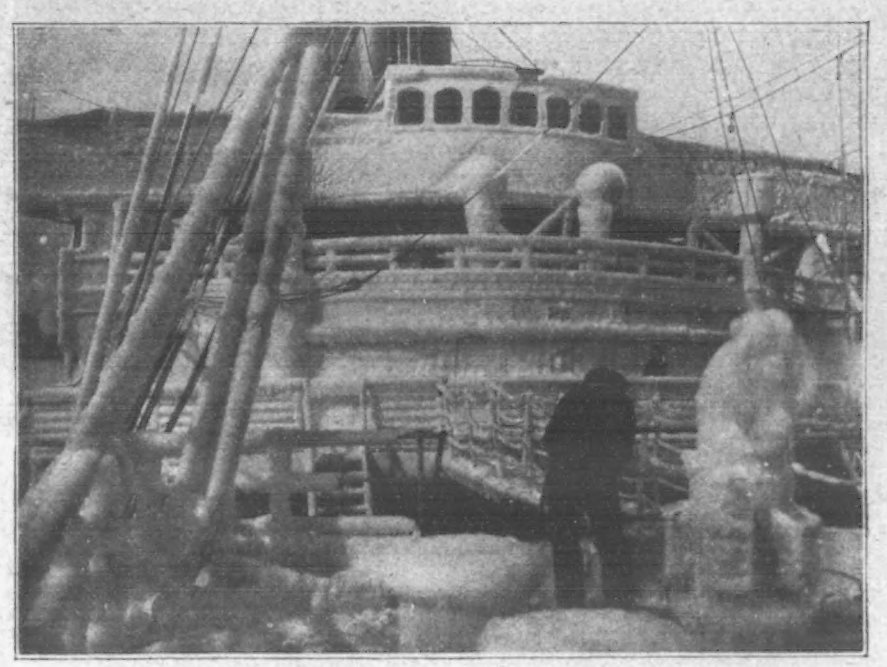


Photo. Adelphi Agency.

LOUGHBOROUGH SCHOOL, AFTER THE DISASTROUS FIRE ON DEC. 2.



CHRISTMAS AT A LONDON FIRE-STATION: THE ENGINE-ROOM DECORATED.



SOMETHING LIKE A CHRISTMAS MORNING: ABOARD A LINER IN WINTER.

prosperity—perhaps, indeed, because of it—have kept all sourness out of their souls, and look forward just as eagerly as they did in Dickens' day to once more shaking hands with "old dad" or giving "mother" another hug and a kiss. In thousands of homes this Christmas I'll warrant you'll find "Uncle Ben's" old seat in the corner waiting for him; while "Aunt Molly's" health will be toasted as heartily as that of any "Aunt Molly" in preceding generations. Christmas in this country will only die

PROFESSOR MORITZ SCHMIDT,

Who Performed the Throat Operation on the German Emperor.

with the race. I repeat, then, my wishes that this may be a happy Christmas for all readers of the *P.I.P.*—including, of course, "Dagonet."

The Friendly French.

I ventured last week to remark that the visit of our M.P.s to Paris would have excellent results, and I was therefore pleased to see my prophecy (a very easy one, I admit) is confirmed by one of the M.P.s who was there. Here is what Mr. Louis Sinclair says in the *Express*—

"From what I have seen and heard in Paris, I have no hesitation in saying that a brilliant era is in store for both Britain and France—an era whose watchword will be Prosperity. For, after all, this was the fundamental aspiration underlying the interchange of Parliamentary visits. To assist the commerce of both countries, great neighbours and civilisers of Europe—this was the thought which animated the senators and deputies when they came to us; and it was also the aspiration which actuated us in accepting their invitation to Paris. . . . And this brings me to the practical side of our visit to Paris. We enjoyed to the full the magnificent fêtes prepared in our honour; we appreciated the kind words of President Loubet, M. Combes, and M. Jaurès, but we did not visit the French capital solely to eat dinners and lunches, attend receptions, listen to enthusiastic speeches, and admire the works of the best French artists. We had an ulterior object—to help Britain, and in helping her to assist

"OH, THE MISTLETOE BOUGH!"

The Latest Development of the Christmas "Waif."

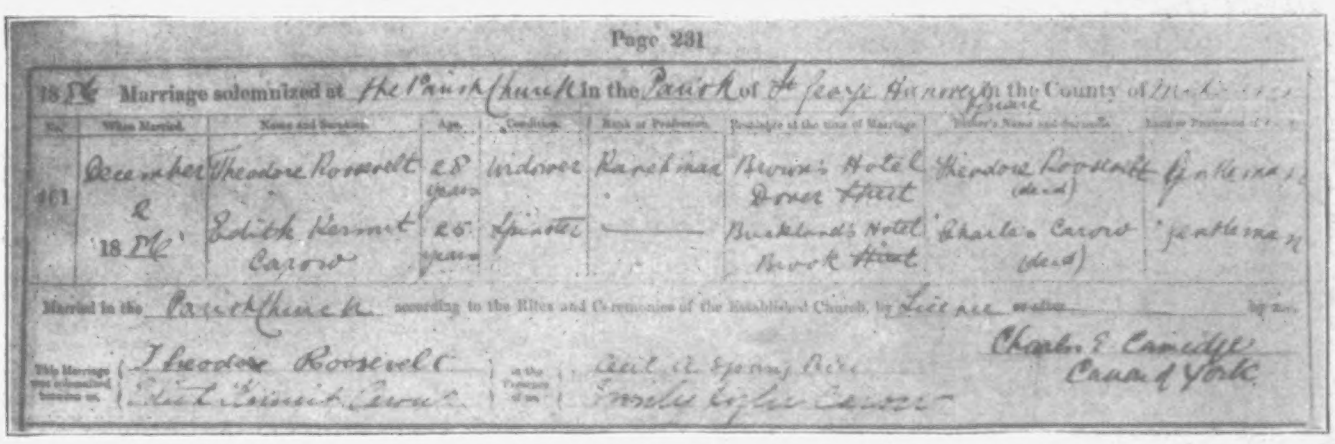
Photo. Fradelle and Young.

THE LATE SIR JOHN ROBINSON,

Who Died Last Week. Sir John was for Many Years Managing Editor of the "Daily News."

France. In other words, to increase the prosperity of both countries. This can best be accomplished by better trading facilities—by an equitable system of give-and-take. I consider that we have already gained something in this direction by the statement made by M. Trouillot, the Minister of Commerce. We approached him with a view to securing a reduction in the telegraphic, postal, and telephonic rates between France and England. The Minister there and then welcomed the idea, and expressed himself as favourable to it, but as was natural, sought something in return—something which I consider could be easily accorded. He thought that if these concessions were granted Britain might be disposed to lower her parcel-post rates to France. These and other matters will, you may be sure, occupy the attention of the Commercial Committee of the House of Commons. One thing is certain, the Parliament men of both countries have sown seed that will not fail to produce a rich harvest—rich in evidences of firmer friendship between the British and French races, and rich in the material prosperity of both countries."

THE GOSSIP.



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18 Marriage solemnized at the Parish Church in the Parish of St George Hanover Square in the County of Middlesex

No.	When Married	Name and Surname	Age	Condition	Rank or Profession	Residence at the time of Marriage	Father's Name and Surname	Rank or Profession of Father
461	December 2 1886	Theodore Roosevelt	28 years	Widower	Bachelor	Brown's Hotel Dover Street	Theodore Roosevelt (dead)	Gentleman
		Edith Kermit Carow	25 years	Spinster	—	Buckland's Hotel Bruton Street	Charles Carow (dead)	Gentleman

Married in the Parish Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church, by Licence by me Charles E. Camidge Canon of York

This Marriage was solemnized between us { Theodore Roosevelt / Edith Kermit Carow } in the Presence of { Cecil A. Spring Rice / Isabella Sophia Spencer }

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

Last Week the Forgotten Fact was Recalled that the American President was Married at St. George's, Hanover Square, London, on December 2, 1886. It is Expected there will be a Rush of American Visitors to this New "Shrine."

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LADY'S COMPANION,

PATTERN OF

BOY'S CHESTERFIELD COAT.

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Of all Newsagents, 1d.; or by post, 2d.

R. S. CARTWRIGHT,

8 & 9, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, LONDON.

PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS—No. LXXI.: SIR JOSEPH DIMSDALE.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

THE KING Visits Lord Iveagh.—The King left Sandringham on Monday morning for London, and arriving at St. Pancras at about three o'clock, drove direct to the Agricultural Hall, accompanied by the Prince of Wales. His Majesty, after inspecting the Cattle Show, proceeded to Buckingham Palace, departing in the evening for Elveden Hall, Suffolk, on a visit to Lord Iveagh.

The Kaiser's Health.—Despite reassuring reports from official sources, rumours are in circulation that the

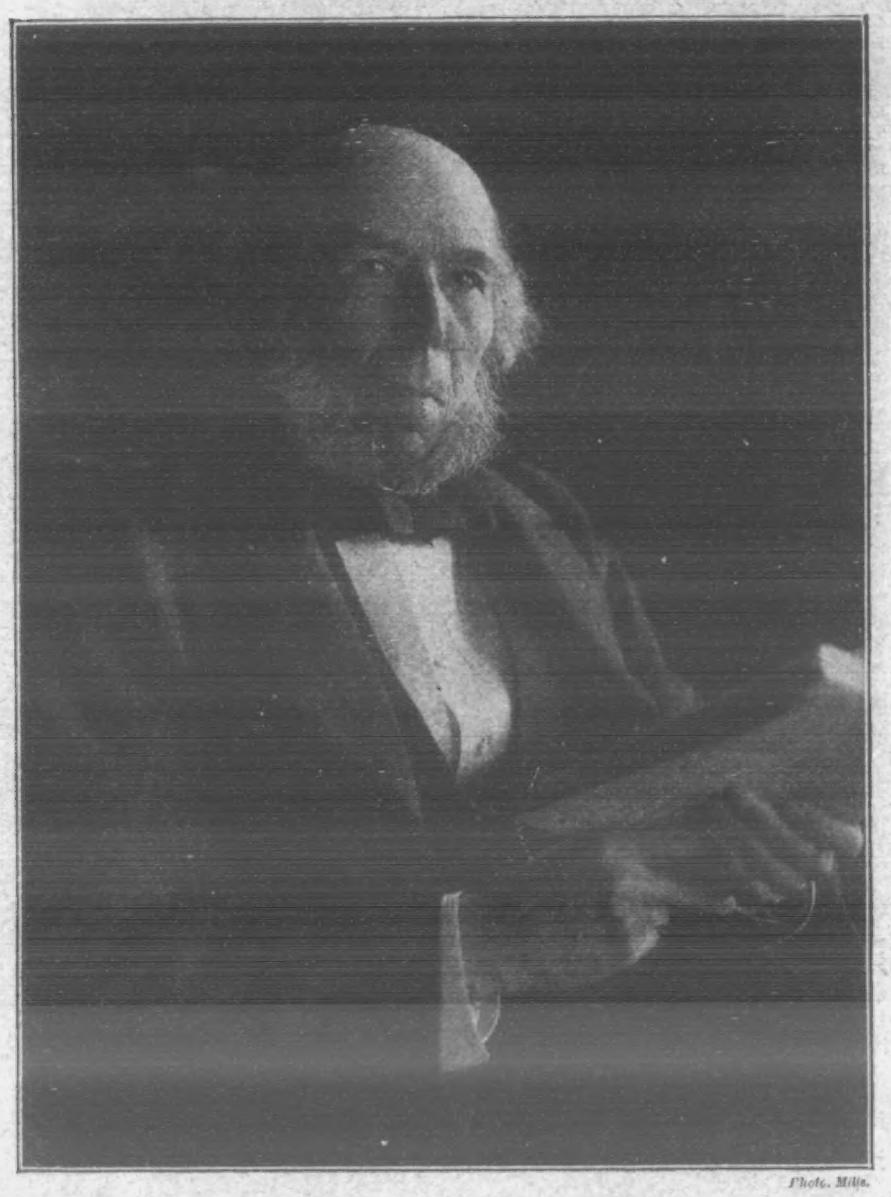

Photo. Mills.

THE LATE MR. HERBERT SPENCER,

AN EMINENT PHILOSOPHER AND SCIENTIFIC WRITER, WHO DIED AT BRIGHTON ON TUESDAY MORNING LAST. MR. SPENCER WAS THE LAST OF THE GROUP OF GREAT THINKERS WHICH COMPRISED JOHN STUART MILL, DARWIN, HUXLEY, AND TYNDALL.

emotion of the German Emperor is by no means satisfactory. The operation which His Majesty recently underwent was successful, but it is feared that a recrudescence of the trouble is imminent. This in itself, however, would not be a serious matter, as the doctors are agreed that the growth is not malignant. In Berlin it is generally believed that the exact state of the Kaiser's health is being withheld from the public. This is producing a state of great uneasiness, and it would be a relief if the real condition of His Majesty were made known.

Death of Mr. Herbert Spencer.—The last of the group of intellectual giants which comprised Darwin, Huxley, Mill, and Tyndall, passed away on Monday last, when Mr. Herbert Spencer died at Brighton. Born at Derby on April 27, 1820, Herbert Spencer had for his father a schoolmaster of very strong character and broad culture. On leaving school and after a brief spell of schoolmastering, young Spencer became a civil engineer. In the intervals of leisure he produced a series of letters, which, expanded later on by the author, formed his first published volume, "Social Statics." By the time this book was published Spencer settled in London as sub-editor of the *Economist*—surely the most distinguished sub-editor who has ever fulfilled the functions of that office! Here, too, he made the acquaintance of George Eliot, George Henry Lewes, Professor Huxley, and many other famous men and women afterwards to be numbered among his life-long friends. George Eliot at this time was editing the *Westminster Review*, to which periodical, as to various others, Spencer soon began to contribute. And nothing could illustrate better the wide scope of his speculations and the encyclopædic character of his learning than the diversity of the subjects which he handled in these early writings. They were all afterwards published in three volumes of essays—"Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative"—which may be commended to all who would make acquaintance with Spencer in his most fascinating mood, and which may be ranked with those of Macaulay and Bacon in respect of their permanent interest and value. From 1860 Spencer's whole life was given up to the completion of his "System of Philosophy," one of the greatest literary and scientific tasks ever undertaken. His writings on political and moral questions are famous throughout the civilised world. His death has made a void in the world of thought impossible to fill.

His Method of Work.—"Work is the real elixir of life," Spencer once stated; but he liked to vary his work with amusement. His methods were most original. When spending his summer by the shore of a Scottish lake, it was his habit to dictate for a quarter of an hour, then row for an equal period, with the object of so stimulating the circulation of the blood as to carry him through another fifteen minutes' dictation, and so on through the forenoon. At other times he would go to a racket-court in North London and play with the man in charge, and dictate in the intervals of the game. Like many another famous author, Mr. Spencer had a long spell of early financial failures. During the first twelve years of his literary life every one of his books failed to pay for its paper, print, and advertisements, and for many years afterwards failed to pay his small living expenses. "Every one," he remarked to a friend, "made him the poorer." Ultimately, however, a turn came in his fortune, but never at any time probably were his profits commensurate with the enormous value of his work.

Army and Navy Items.—The new War Office scheme for encouraging efficiency is to come into force next April. Instructions on the point have just been issued, and it is announced that, in addition to efficiency pay, long service will be encouraged by adding a penny a day extra after five years' service. Commanding officers are to classify their men into first-class and second-class not later than April 10, and it is notified that skill with the rifle will play a prominent part in classifying a man for the extra pay. The men who qualify for the first rate of pay and those who do not will alike have their names regimentally published, to act as an incentive. Recruiting is to be specially encouraged, and it is notified that for the Household Cavalry the twelve years' colour service will, from Dec. 13, be split into eight years in the Army and four in the Reserve.—Major-General Sir W. F. Gatacre, K.C.B., this week gave up the command of the Tenth Division, 4th Army Corps, and also the post of Chief of the Eastern District at Colchester. He is succeeded by Major-General Plumer, C.B.—Lieutenant-Colonel Capper, R.E., has been selected to direct the experiments to be carried out at Malta and Gibraltar by the two balloon sections which are going out from Aldershot on the 12th inst.—Colonel W. Hanningbee has just retired from the Army owing to age. He entered the service in 1865, and at one time commanded the 2nd Dragoon Guards. His last appointment was as Assistant-Adjutant-General at Netley.—The Admiralty have purchased the two battle-ships *Libertad* and *Constitucion*, which were under construction at Elswick and Barrow for the Chilian Government, for £1,875,000, inclusive of all expenses. These are the vessels for which both Russia and Japan were said to be would-be purchasers.—Admiral of the Fleet Sir Frederick William Richards, G.C.B., has been placed on the retired list. He entered the Navy in 1848, and first took flag rank in 1882.—H.M. cruiser *Pioneer* was paid off at Chatham on Friday last. She left on the following day for the Mediterranean with a fresh crew.—Captain H. D. Barry, R.N., has been appointed Director of Naval Ordnance and Torpedoes, in succession to Rear-Admiral Angus Macleod.—Devonport naval establishment will in future be described as "Devonport Dockyard South and West," instead of "Devonport and Keyham."—The torpedo-boat destroyer *Kennet*, built for the Government by Messrs. Thornycroft, has been launched. Its guaranteed speed is twenty-five and a half knots.

Photo. "Topical."

THE FIRE IN THE CITY: VIEW OF THE ROOF OF THE BURNED BUILDING.

BREAKING OUT IN PRIMROSE HILL, WHITEFRIARS STREET, E.C., ON DECEMBER 4, THIS FIRE ENGAGED THE EFFORTS OF NEARLY THIRTY ENGINES, AND ENTAILED A LOSS OF MANY THOUSANDS OF POUNDS.

Cattle-Show Week.—The 105th annual show of the Smithfield Club was opened at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Monday. Entries in nearly every division exceeded in number the figures of last year. The King was represented by about thirty exhibits, among them being the Hereford which carried off the championship at the recent Birmingham show. Among the other exhibitors were Prince Christian and the Earls of Rosebery, Durham, Ellesmere, Coventry, and Carnarvon. The value of the prizes awarded was £4000—a record total. Three challenge-cups were competed for—one presented by the King for cattle, one by the Prince of Wales for sheep, and one by Prince Christian for pigs. The Royal Agricultural Hall Company presented the champion plate for the finest exhibit in the cattle classes, and there were several other championship trophies.

British Cruiser Stranded.—H.M.S. *Flora* went ashore in a fog at Village Point, opposite Comax, a village on the east coast of Vancouver Island. Her stern was submerged, and the vessel lay at an acute angle, with her bow held by the rocks. When she struck, the officers had to rush from their quarters owing to the quickness with which she filled, her after scuppers having been left open. The *Flora* is a second-class cruiser of 4360 tons, and carries a complement of 318 officers and men. The Commander-in-Chief on the Pacific Station has telegraphed to the Admiralty that the *Flora* mistook the beacon off Village Point for the pile beacon, and took the ground heavily. The ship's stores and 400 tons of coal were removed at once. Admiral Bickford left Esquimault for the scene of the mishap by special train and steamer. H.M.S. *Egeria* and the flag-ship *Grafton* proceeded to the same destination. It was at first feared that the cruiser would be a complete wreck, but later reports state that the damage is not so great as was anticipated, and that, after being lightened forward, the *Flora* will float.

Race with the Mails.—The Cunard liner *Lucania*, beat the *St. Paul*, of the American line, by nearly forty-eight hours in delivering her mails in London. Arriving at Queenstown on Friday last, after a passage of five days eighteen hours, the *Lucania's* 513 sacks of letters were delivered in London by the first post on the following morning. The *St. Paul*, though she left New York an hour and a half before her rival, only reached Southampton in time to allow of the mail matter she brought being distributed on Monday morning.

Express Trains in Collision.—A somewhat remarkable railway accident occurred early last Saturday morning at Penrith, on the London and North-Western line. The express goods train which leaves Liverpool every night at eleven o'clock had run as far as Eamont Junction, when a signalman noticed that the engine and two wagons were separated from those in the rear, numbering thirty. The driver was apprised of this fact by signal, and he at once did all he could to keep ahead down the incline. For some time his efforts were successful, but the attempt to avert a collision failed, for the rear wagons ran into those ahead with a terrific crash. The wagons were knocked in all directions, and the line speedily became blocked with overturned trucks. At this moment the signal indicated "All clear" for the one o'clock passenger express from Carlisle. The signalman, perceiving the danger, reversed his signal, but the train could not be brought to a standstill before the wreckage of the wagons was reached. The oncoming engine and two of the carriages were badly injured, while the driver—George Bates, of Crewe—was thrown from the engine and severely burned by the flames which rushed

THE CATTLE SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL: SKETCHES BY THE "P.I.P." SPECIAL ARTIST.

HUMOROUS DRAWINGS BY ALL THE BEST ARTISTS.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

from the firebox. Among the passengers were Viscount Brackley and Mr. Falconer, chairman of the Mersey Railway, each of whom left £5 with the stationmaster for the benefit of the injured driver. Smaller sums were also contributed by the other passengers as a mark of their gratitude to Bates for his efforts to save the train.

Stowaway's Fourteen Days' Fast.—On the arrival at New York of the ss. *Rappahannock*, a man of thirty named Robert Leslie was discovered in the hold. He had stowed himself aboard at Liverpool, and for fourteen days had been without food or water. He was unable to find his way out of the hold when the vessel was at sea, or to make himself heard. On going aboard at Liverpool he weighed over ten stone, but when found only 4st. 4lb. The doctors consider his recovery doubtful.

A Leicestershire Divorce—Mr. Henry Archibald Belleville, of Market Harborough, sought a divorce by reason of the misconduct of his wife, Mrs. Phyllis Mary

THE PETITIONER IN THE DIVORCE ACTION, BELLEVILLE V. BELLEVILLE AND NEILSON.

Belleville, with Captain Walter Neilson. Answers had been filed denying the charge, but the defence was withdrawn and the case came before the Court as undefended. The jury found for petitioner, and Mr. Justice Barnes granted him a decree nisi with costs against co-respondent, petitioner to have the custody of the two children of the marriage.

London Fog-Bound.—The first black fog of the season visited the Metropolis on Saturday last. It was at about eight o'clock in the morning that the dense mist commenced to roll up from the south side of the river into the heart of the City. Two hours later London and the suburbs were enwulfed in blackness; which state of affairs continued until early in the afternoon. Business was completely demoralised, while street traffic was chaotic. In the Westminster district men were sent out with oil "flares," which have a candle-power greater than the most powerful electric light. These proved valuable beacons of safety. Piccadilly was practically in darkness all the morning, and omnibuses and cabs were compelled to crawl along at a snail's pace close to the kerbstone. In Kensington, a half-battalion of Coldstream Guards lost themselves in a *cul-de-sac*, and halted there until the fog had sufficiently lifted to enable them to find their way back to barracks. Train-services were everywhere disorganised, and there were several mishaps on the lines, though none of them, happily, was attended with serious results.

Notorious Bank-Note Forgers Captured.—The most expert gang of counterfeiters in the world have been arrested in New York, just in time to prevent them putting into circulation forged Bank of England notes whose face-value is estimated to be £200,000. The leader of the gang is John Davis, alias Liebermann, alias Schmidt. He is said to have discovered in 1896 how to imitate the Bank of England note water-mark so well as to deceive even experts, and to have been paid a bonus by the Bank authorities to desist from his work. Together with others of the gang, Davis was apprehended at his residence in a fashionable neighbourhood. He had made elaborate preparations to print and pass the bogus paper money. It is stated that Davis is none other than the man Schmidt who, a little more than a year ago, turned informer in the notorious "Barmash case." At that trial Schmidt admitted that he had spent all his life in committing forgeries. There was scarcely a country in the world where he was not "wanted" by the police.

Shots in the Bank of England.—At the Mansion House Police-court George Frederick Robinson, aged twenty-seven, was charged with firing a revolver at Mr. Kenneth Grahame, secretary of the Bank of England, and at a doorkeeper named Tolmie; and with having threatened to shoot Inspector Bacon and police-constable Digby. Mr. Freshfield, on behalf of the Bank of England, related how the prisoner handed to Mr. Grahame a roll of foolscap, devoid of writing save for the words, "All are concerned." It appeared that if the person who received the roll took it at the end tied with white tape all was right, but if by the end tied with black tape all was wrong, and the receiver had to be shot. When Mr. Grahame declined to unfasten and read the document Robinson produced a revolver and fired several times. The police were called, and Robinson, shouting out threats, was with some difficulty overpowered. Inspector Bacon said that on searching the prisoner's lodgings he found fourteen cartridges, which fitted the revolver taken from him. Robinson questioned this statement, and said that he had merely fired off cartridge-shells "filled with paper and candle-grease and a little bit of gold at the end." Alderman Crosby committed the man—who is thought to be a lunatic—for trial.

Tide Tragedy near Ilfracombe.—Two sisters Mrs. Brownscombe and Mrs. Draper, after walking along the cliffs from Combe Martin towards Watermouth Castle, clambered down to the beach in search of seaweed, when they suddenly found themselves cut off by the tide and surrounded by a wild sea. A coastguard saw them and raised an alarm, but as the cliffs at that part are over 250 ft. high and almost perpendicular, it was impossible to assist the two women in their peril. Both stood for some time screaming and wringing their hands as the tide advanced. Then Mrs. Brownscombe, who could be seen appealing to her sister to make an attempt to reach the shore, leaped from the rock and succeeded in wading through the neck-deep water to the beach. She ran for three miles to the house of Mrs. Draper's husband, and brought him and others in hot haste to the scene. Meanwhile, however, Mrs. Draper had been swept off the rock into the sea. The life-boat *Co-operator* made splendid efforts to save her, but the strong tide carried her out of reach, dashing her again and again on the rocks inshore. When a rescue party was at last lowered down the cliffs her body was recovered in so mangled a condition as to be scarcely recognisable.

Vicar's Wife Granted a Divorce.—Before Justice Barnes and a special jury the petition for divorce by Mrs. Amy Mitchell against her husband, William Henry Mitchell, was heard last week. Mr. Mitchell was formerly a clergyman of the Church of England, but now of the Church of Rome. Mr. Deane, K.C., appeared for the petitioner, and Mr. Young, K.C., for the respondent. The parties were married in 1888 at Babbicombe, where Mr. Mitchell was then a curate. About five years ago he became Vicar of Elverton, and it was there that cruelty and misconduct were alleged to have taken place. In cross-examination Mrs. Mitchell denied that she had continually been guilty of "nagging" her husband. She had escaped one night from the bed-room window because the respondent had threatened her with a hatchet. A number of letters having been read, and witnesses called, counsel addressed the jury, who found that respondent had been guilty of both cruelty and misconduct. The Judge thereupon granted a decree nisi, with costs.

THE CLERICAL DIVORCE ACTION: SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES AT THE LAW COURTS.

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"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

SOME time ago I stated that an effort would be made to revive the fortunes of the Lyceum, and that Sir Henry Irving would in due course be seen at the theatre associated with his name and fame. My statement has been contradicted, but I adhere to it, as I am happy to say I have good cause for doing so.

Lovers of wholesome drama must have shuddered at the coarse scenes of M. Maxim Gorki, the famous Russian author, whose pictures of life in a Moscow refuge for the destitute formed the subject of a play produced by the Stage Society last week. I have learned much of Russian low life from the striking novels of Tourgenieff, but his realistic scenes are never offensive, and Gorki frequently disgusts us by his brutal realism. He has no sense of art either, and his scenes have nothing dramatic to recommend them.

The new musical comedy by Messrs. Hicks, and Caryll is now called "The Earl and the Girl," and will be played by all the old members of the Savoy company, including Messrs. Passmore, Morand, Evett, Lytton, and Misses Agnes Fraser, Hart-Dyke, and Louie Pounds, with some talented new-comers in addition.

Mr. Martin Harvey has brought the drama, "The Breed of the Treshams," to the Kennington Theatre, and at the Coronet Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have presented Mr. Ernest Hendrie's new play, "Dick Hope," the leading motive of which is the reformation through love of a drunkard.

Few of my readers know that Mr. Lonnen had a brother who was popular in the provinces. He died of consumption on Wednesday last at his residence, Kentish Town, much regretted by a large circle.

Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking-Glass," the sequel to "Alice in Wonderland," has been adapted and will be presented at the New Theatre by Mr. John Donald on Dec. 21. The company will include Messrs. Lennox Pawle, Welford, Frome, Algernon Newark, Misses Rose Temple, Cathcart, Martin, Andrews, and Hilda Moss, the last-named young lady being a daughter of Mr. Hugh Moss. There will be a chorus of seventy children, and the piece will be produced by Mr. George Grossmith junior.

I have given a hint as to the suburban pantomimes, but every day brings fresh intelligence. For instance, "Dick Whittington," at the Crystal Palace, promises extremely well; "Robinson Crusoe," at the Fulham Grand, will be a dainty and splendid pantomime; while other Christmas pieces are equally popular. The Vaudeville has already booked in advance to the extent of £6000. The Hippodrome, always brilliantly successful, will have a gorgeous spectacular piece called "The Golden Princess and the Elephant-Hunters." A troupe of fifteen plunging elephants will be an extraordinary feature, and Mr. Frank Parker has exercised his utmost skill in arranging the splendid spectacle.

In a few days we may expect the new piece at the Apollo, in which Miss Hilda Moody, Miss Florence St. John, Miss Nora Whalley, Mr. Louis Bradfield, Mr. Mark Kinghorne, Mr. Charles Angelo, Mr. Fred Emney, and other clever performers will take part. "Madame Sherry," as it is called, has its action in Paris, where a young gentleman, trying to make his uncle believe he is a married man, seeks a lady who will appear as the imaginary wife. It is easy to guess the laughable situations this incident will lead to. The music, composed by M. Hugo Felix, is said to be extremely tuneful and sparkling. Meanwhile "The Girl from Kay's" will find a new home at the Comedy on the 14th inst., with new dresses and new jokes, but with the original company, so that we shall probably see her name on the playbills for a long time to come.

KEMPTON PARK RACES: THE ST. MARGARET'S HURDLE-RACE.

Miss Hildyard, a young actress who has created quite a sensation at the East End of London, has been engaged by Mr. Tree, and will appear in "The Darling of the Gods" owing to Miss Esmé Beringer having relinquished her part. Mr. Tree is as competent a judge of an actress as can be found; and having seen Miss Hildyard at the Standard, was greatly impressed by her ability. So am I, and have little doubt that Miss Hildyard will become an ornament to the British stage.

The report that Mr. Terry is about to sell his theatre is altogether false, as I learn from the gifted actor himself. He has simply allowed Mr. Basil Hood to produce a new play there, and will arrange for a West-End theatre to produce "The House of Burnside," which has met with great favour in the provinces, Mr. Terry's splendid acting of a very striking character being likely to make a great impression in London.

"The Cricket on the Hearth," although somewhat transformed by an excess of the fairy element, has been well received. Mr. Toole sent a telegram, "Wishing you all a pleasant evening."

The performance of Humperdinck's opera, "Hansel and Gretel," by students of the Royal College of Music at the Lyric Theatre last Friday, showed how admirably the young people had been taught. An old friend of mine, Mr. Richard Temple, formerly of the Savoy, deserved the greatest credit for his skilful training.

Madame Tussaud's famous waxwork show will on the 17th inst. celebrate its centenary. A waxwork exhibition opposite St. Dunstan's Church was kept by a Mrs. Salmon until 1812.

Miss Ada Reeve, I am glad to record, is making satisfactory progress after a severe illness. The medical advisers pronounce her out of danger, and predict her early convalescence.

In referring to the suburban pantommes, it would be unjust to omit "Aladdin," at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. Mr. Mulholland is producing it with lavish outlay, and the chief performers are of exceptional ability. A chorus of nearly one hundred voices has been selected by the enterprising manager, who in the cave scene will rival grand opera in the musical effects.

Miss Olga Nethersole brought to the Coronet Theatre last week a new version of "Magda," playing the heroine herself with much pathos and power, but without the subtlety of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The version which she has used in America is much inferior to that of Mr. L. N. Parker, produced seven years ago at the Lyceum. Mr. Robert Pateman displayed great ability as the paralysed father, Schwartz.

There is a "turn" at the Tivoli, in the Strand, just now which appeals strongly to people generally and to athletes in particular. It is that of the Robertys troupe, one member of whom performs astounding feats of balance and strength. Another unique show is that given by the Strolling Players; and then there are Harry Randall and a score of other celebrities figuring on the programme. The "bill" is altogether a very fine one, and will bear seeing more than once.

THE PROMPTER.

"P.I.P.'S" THIRD STORY COMPETITION.

First Prize, £30; Second Prize, £10;
And TEN PRIZES of £1 each.

SO successful have our Two Story Competitions been that we now announce another on similar lines. In this Number we present the continuation of our thrilling novel entitled "Barbara's Stormy Wooing." Among the letterpress will be found four pictures illustrating scenes from the story. We want you to read the story carefully, select the passages which you think the drawings depict, and write the sentences in the spaces provided below for that purpose. Titles for each picture must not exceed twenty words, and must be a literal copy of words from the story itself. There will be several sets of pictures, the competition extending in all over twelve weeks. Keep all your sheets till the twelve have appeared, then pin them together, and address them to

Story Competition, "Penny Illustrated Paper," 198, Strand, W.C.,

by a date to be named.

To the competitor who places the greatest number of correct passages under the pictures, we shall award the First Prize of £30 cash; £10 will be awarded as a Second Prize; while there will be Ten Consolation Prizes of £1 each. In the event of a tie the Prizes will be divided.

No Member of our Staff is allowed to Compete. The Decision of the Editor must be considered final.

NINTH LIST.

Fill in here the passages from the story which you think best fit the Pictures appearing on Pages 386, 387, and 388.

33. .....

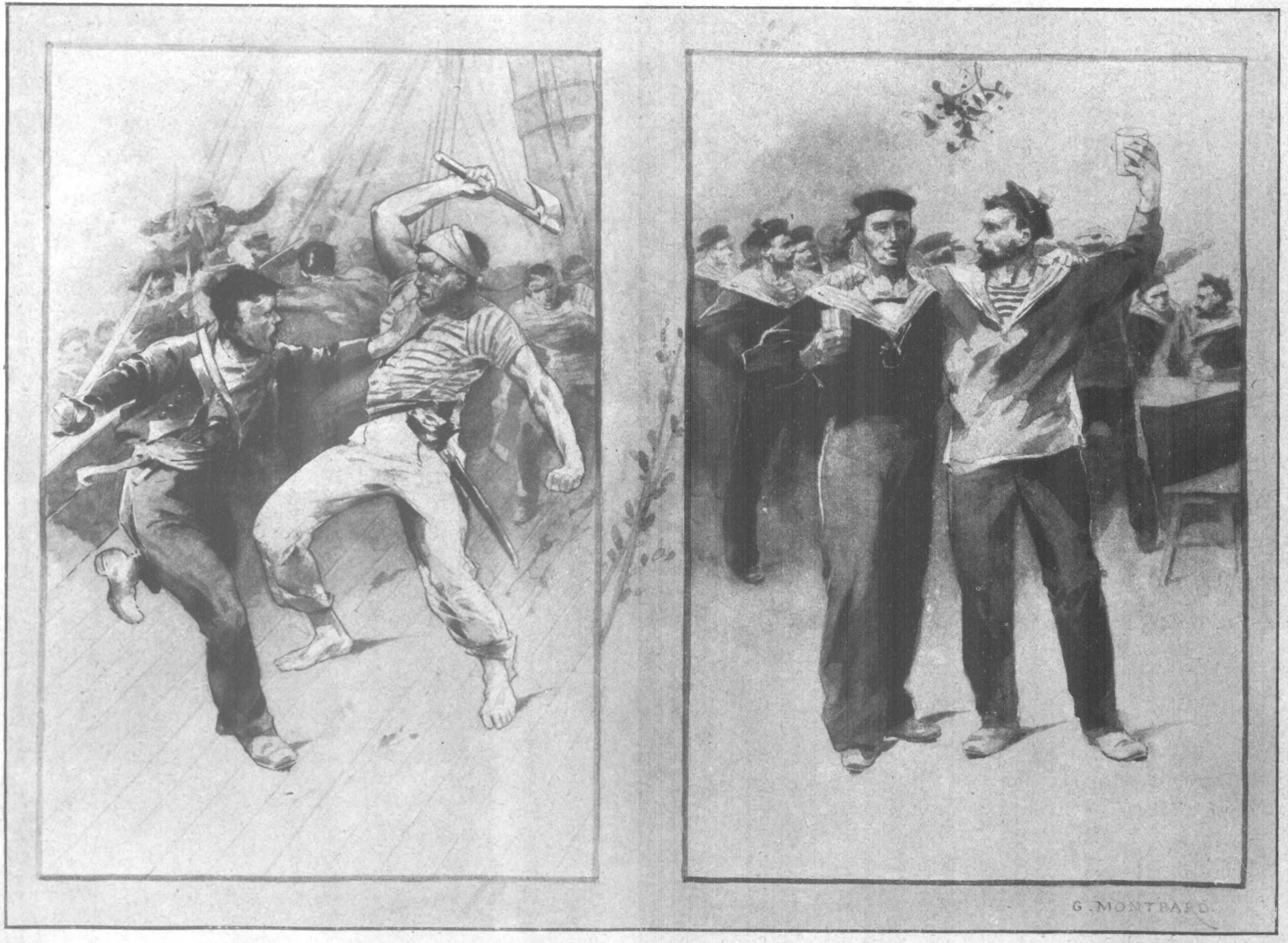
34. .....

35. .....

36. .....

Competitor's Name and Address .....

"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH," AT THE GARRICK.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."



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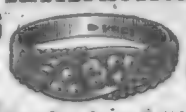

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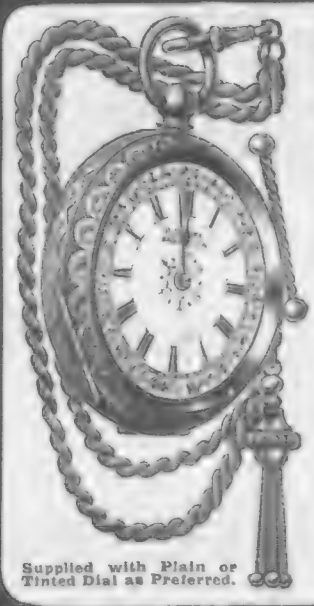

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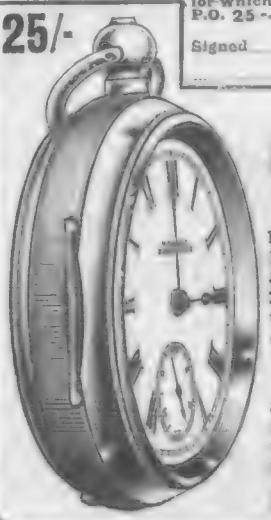

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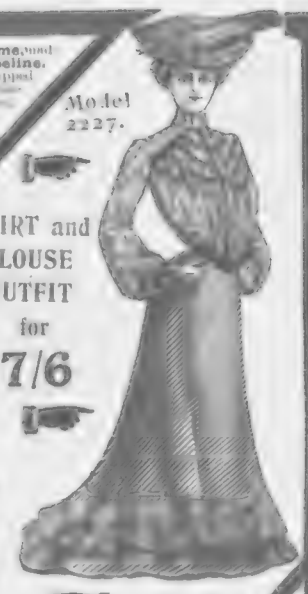

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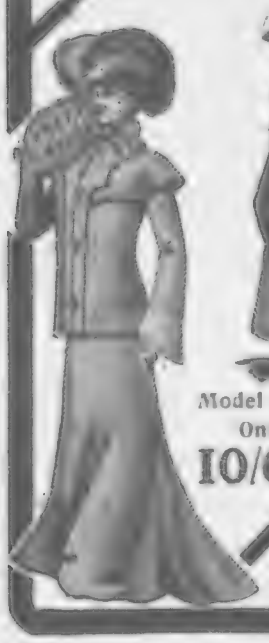

Model 2125. Only **10/6**

Model 2227. **SKIRT** is well cut, in good wearing **Black or Navy Serge,** full at foot, [illegible] inches, fitted patent [illegible]. In stock sizes only: waist, 24, 26, and 28 in.; front length, 38, 40, and 42 in. The warm and stylish Flannelette **BLOUSE** is trimmed with ribbon [illegible] and fancy buttons. Colours: Navy, Grey, Helio, and Turquoise, with appropriate floral designs. The two garments combine to form a most useful outfit at a price very much below the wholesale figure. Only **7s. 6d.**; carr., 5d. extra.

Model 2150.—Handsome [illegible] with Chesterfield front and fashionable sleeves. The new double cape and stole collar are tailor-stitched and finished with black ornaments. In dark **Oxford Grey Frieze** or stylish **Black Cloth.** Lengths and Prices—30 in., **10/6**; 33 in., **11/6**; 36 in., **12/6**; 39 in., **13/6**; 42 in. **14/6.** Carriage 6d. extra. Sizes larger than 38 in. bust are 2/6 extra.

Model 2061.—Girl's Winter Paletot. [illegible] Back, and Wrapped seams and Pockets. [illegible] wear. Made in Black, Fawn, and Blue [illegible] 21 in., **4/6**; 24 in., **5/6**; 27 in., **6/6**; 30 in. **7/6**; [illegible] **8/6**; [illegible] **9/6.** Carriage, 6d. extra.

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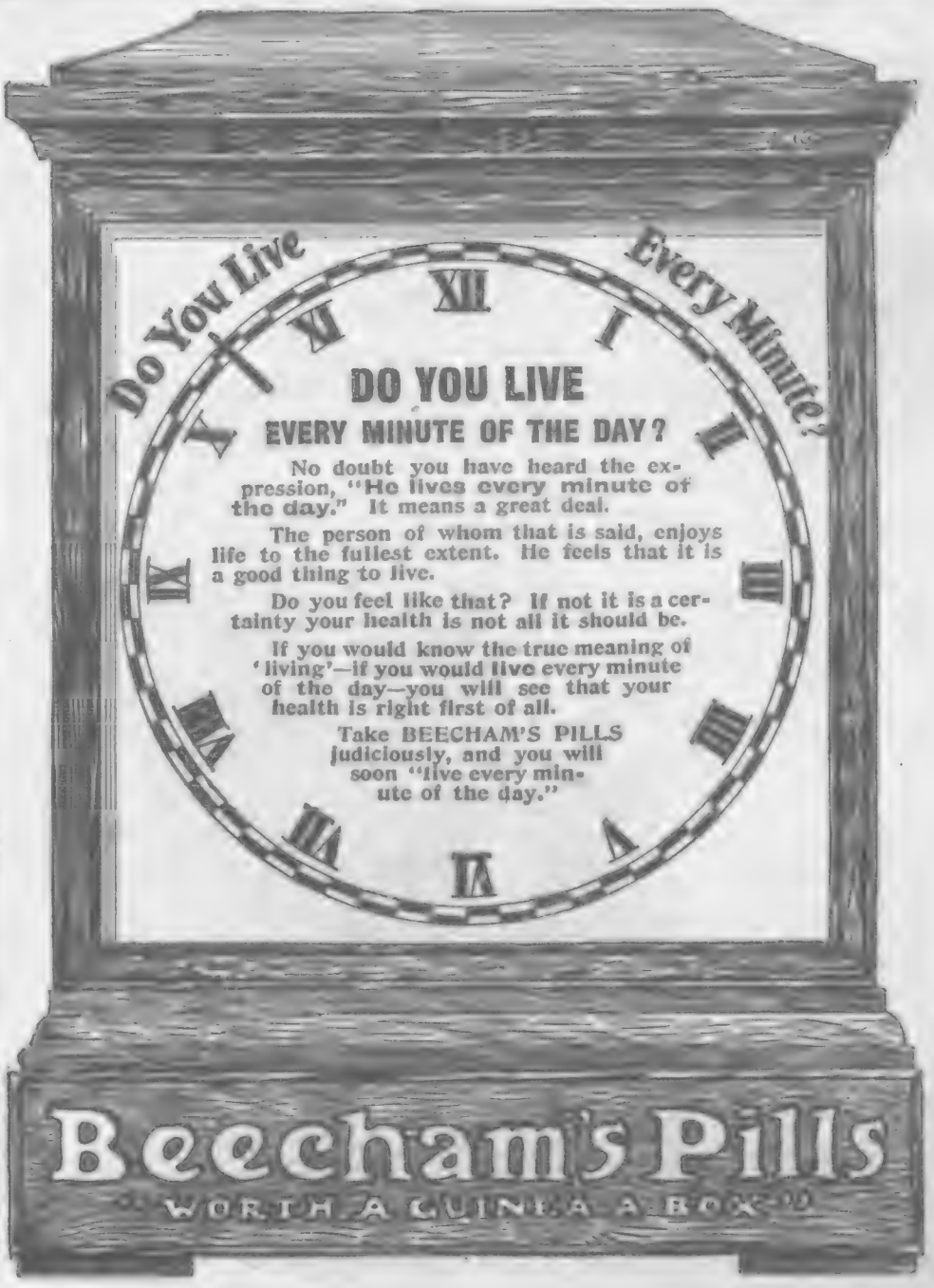

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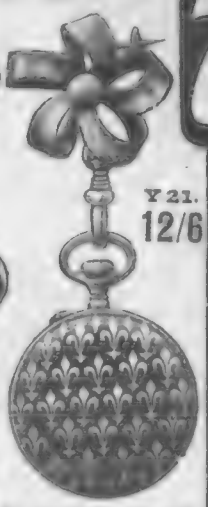

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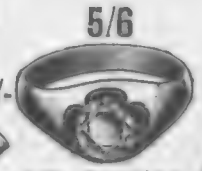
5/6



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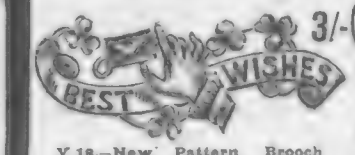

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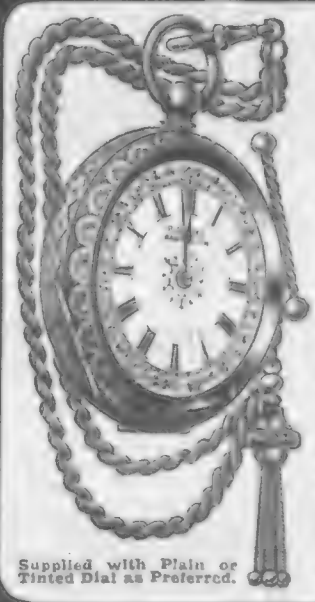

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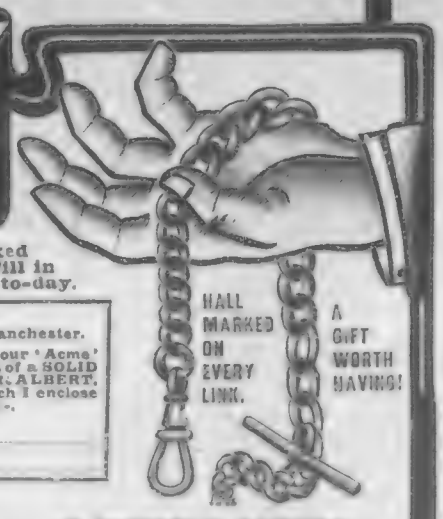

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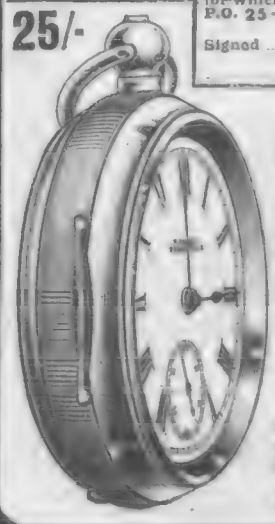

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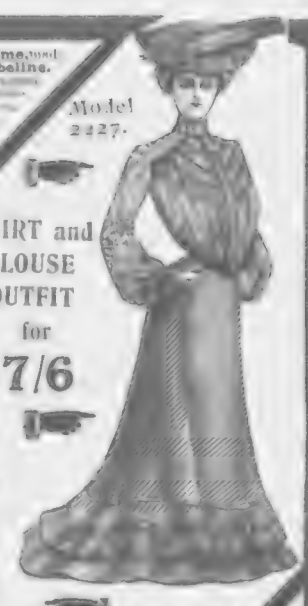

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[illegible] and Costume in Maids' sizes above, sent on receipt of **7/6**, and WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS.

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Model 2227. SKIRT is well cut, in good Wearing **Black or Navy Serge,** full at foot, trimmed two rows of silk above flounces, fitted patent fasteners. In stock sizes only: waist, 24, 25, and 28 in.; front length, 38, 40, and 42 in. The warm and stylish Flannelette **BLOUSE** is trimmed with ribbon velvet and fitted fancy buttons. Colours: Navy, Grey [illegible] Cardinal, with appropriate floral designs. The two garments combine to form a most useful outfit at a price very much below the wholesale figure. Only **7s. 6d.**; carr., 3d. extra.

Model 2150.—Handsome Wi[illegible] with Chesterfield front and fashionable sleeves. The [illegible] and [illegible] with silver-stitched and [illegible] with black ornaments. In dark **Oxford Grey Frieze** or stylish **Black Cloth.** Lengths and Prices—Maids' 33 in., **11/6**; 36 in., **12/6**; 39 in., **13/6**; 42 in., **14/6.** Carriage 6d. extra. Sizes larger than 38 in. bust are 2/6 extra.

Model 2081.—**Girl's Winter Paletot,** with [illegible] Black, and Wrapped Seams and Pockets. A [illegible] wear. Made in Black, Fawn, and Blue Cloth only. [illegible] 21 in., **4/6**; 24 in., **5/6**; 27 in., **6/6**; 30 in., **7/6**; [illegible] **8/6**; [illegible] **9/6.** Carriage, 6d. extra.

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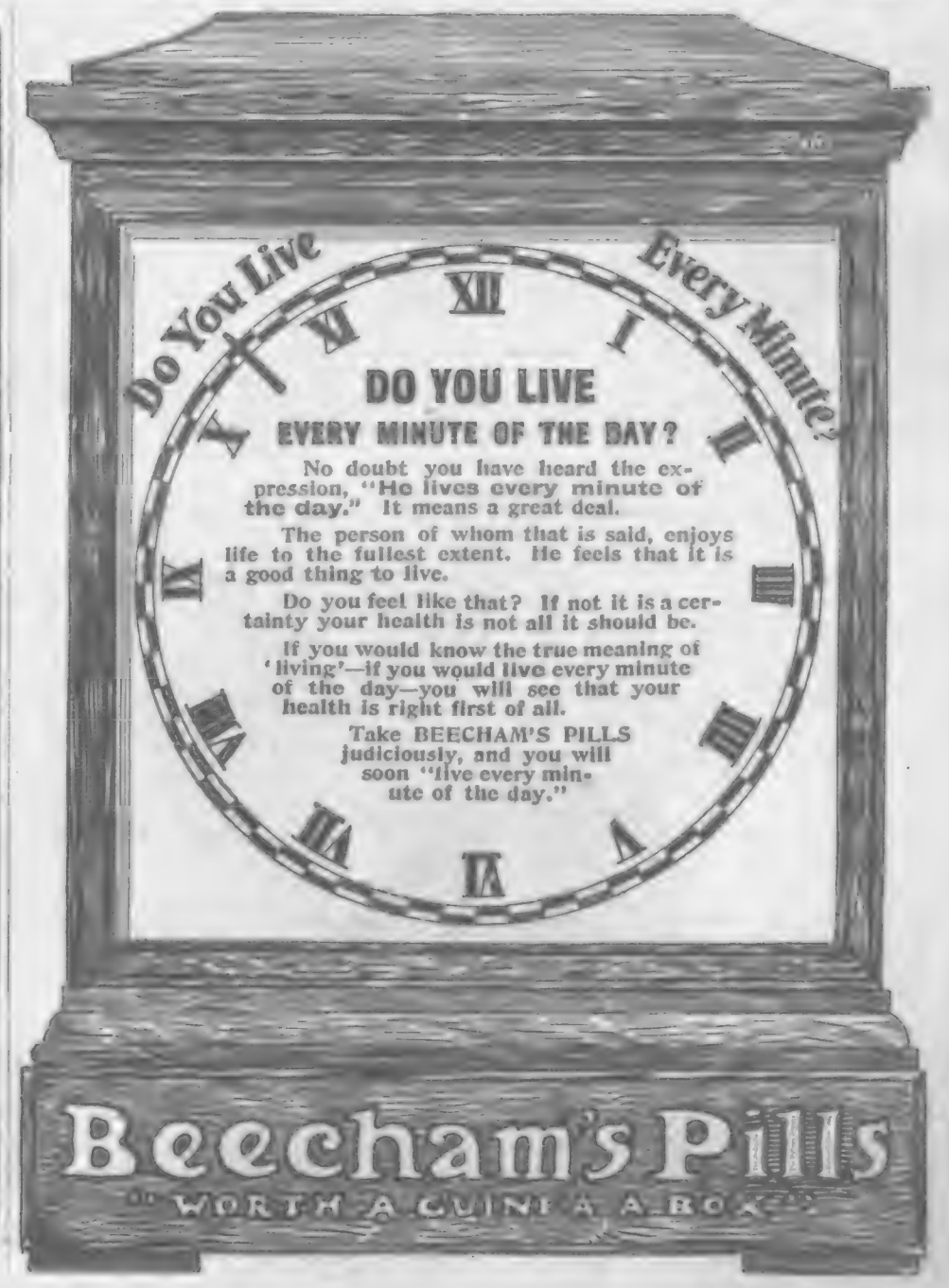

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THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

FOOTBALL was played under the worst conditions so far as the present season is concerned last Saturday. A dense fog obscured the vision of the would-be onlookers at most of the Metropolitan grounds, and in the country it was little better and in some cases worse. Even where it was possible to make a start, a finish was out of the question, and in deep, depressing, and darkening gloom those who attended the various grounds wended their way homewards, very little the better for their afternoon's outing.

The fog prevented play in three of the contests in the League First Division, and in four other matches the verdict was "undecided." At Liverpool, West Bromwich, and Sheffield the fog was so dense that no play was possible. The leaders, Sheffield United, paid a visit to Nottingham to play the Forest, and had to be content with one point, the score being one goal each at the finish. Another tough game was that between Sunderland and Manchester City at Roker Park, and after a ding-dong game each side had to be content with a goal and a point apiece.

Another drawn game was that between Wolverhampton Wanderers and Everton. Playing on the Molyneux ground, the Wanderers had a big advantage, but neither side was able to get in front, though on the run of the play Everton deserved to win. One of the great features of the First League matches lately has been the return to form of the Blackburn Rovers. Last Saturday they brought off a fine performance by beating Newcastle United. Though the match was played at Ewood Park, where the Rovers were at home—in more than one sense—their victory was fully deserved, and in any case they were the better team on the day's play.

Small Heath entertained Stoke; but any attempt at criticism would be futile owing to the fact that the Coventry Road ground was enveloped in a black fog. As far as could be gathered, Small Heath quite deserved their win by one goal to nil. Bury and Aston Villa played at Bury, and as the result of a hard-fought game the honours were divided, each side scoring two goals.

In the Second Division, Preston North End retained their unbeaten certificate by drawing with Bradford City, but it was a desperately near thing, and each side could only claim one goal at the close. Woolwich Arsenal received a visit from Burnley, and were the victims of bad luck. The fog prevented the match being played to a conclusion, but the Arsenal had had all the play and none of the luck when the referee stopped the game.

In Southern League circles there were some surprises. Queen's Park Rangers scored a meritorious victory over Bristol Rovers at Kensal Rise. The Western club has done so well this season that the Rangers must have played a bit above themselves. Southampton met Northampton on the ground of the first-named, but fog prevented the game being played out, and in the replay on Monday Southampton won very easily by five goals to one. Another match of more than passing interest was that between Luton and Tottenham Hotspur. The Strawplaiters played very good football and won by three goals to two. Of other Southern League matches Plymouth Argyle beat Wellingborough by four goals to one, and Kettering unexpectedly overcame Brentford by one goal to nil.

Rugby football was as nearly as possible drawn blank. No play took place at Blackheath or Richmond, and of those games that were played there was nothing calling for more than passing notice. Bristol beat Oxford University, London Welsh overcame Bedford, and Devonshire by beating Somerset became Champions of the South-Western Section. In other county matches Lancashire beat Cumberland, and Durham beat Cheshire.

CRICKET.

The M.C.C. team have been doing particularly well in Australia since my last. The match against Eighteen of West Maitland would have been a soft thing had time permitted. Tyldesley and Lilley scored centuries for the M.C.C. team and P. S. Waddy for the locals. The last-named player will be readily recognised as the old Oxonian who did so well for the Dark Blues in the later 'nineties, both as a bowler and a batsman. He played particularly well, and materially assisted his side in effecting a draw.

The match against Newcastle (N.S.W.) was of a holiday type; as the scores ran, there seemed to be no reason why Mr. Foster, who captained the team in the absence of Mr. Warner, should not have declared his second innings closed in the endeavour to win the match; but the famous Oxford and Worcester player preferred to let his team go on, with the inevitable result that the game was unfinished. "Tip" Foster himself scored 105 in the first innings and Tyldesley 127 in the second, and Braund made 106 in the two innings without being dismissed.

The first test match begins to-day (Friday), and the Australian team, although lacking the services of Hugh Trumble, appears formidable enough on paper. It consists of the following players, who are all well known in England: M. A. Noble (N.S.W.), Captain, R. A. Duff (N.S.W.), S. Gregory (N.S.W.), A. J. Hopkins (N.S.W.), V. Trumper (N.S.W.), C. Hill (S.A.), W. P. Howell (N.S.W.), J. J. Kelly (N.S.W.), W. W. Armstrong (Victoria), J. V. Saunders (Victoria), F. Laver (Victoria).

It will be interesting to see which three players Mr. Warner will leave out of his team, as all the members, particularly the bowlers, have come up to expectations on Australian soil. So good in quality has been the all-round form that the task of the M.C.C. captain is not an enviable one. Still, no matter who stands down, the team, judging by the consistently good form shown, must have an excellent chance of winning the first "test."

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Last Saturday most of the athletic and cross-country fixtures were sadly interfered with by the dense fog which prevailed. In some cases the venturesome ones, instead of an enjoyable run, had an aimless wandering in the inky darkness, there being a rumour that one pack was lost for nearly two hours.

At Oxford the feature of the Brasenose College sports was chiefly noticeable for the fine form shown by the President of the Oxford University A.C., T. A. Leach, who won five of the twelve events on the card. These included the 100 yards, the long jump, the quarter, hurdles, and 120 yards handicap. Owing five yards in the 100, he won in the fair time of 11 2-5 sec.; the jump went to him with a leap of 20 ft. 11 in. penalised 2 ft. 6 in. the quarter (owes 10 yards) in 55 2-5 sec.; the hurdles in 21 2-5, and the 120 yards handicap (owes 2 yards) in 13 1-5 sec.

These were performances not perhaps of startling individuality, but taken as a whole of more than average merit, and stamp the Oxford president as an athlete above the common. The two miles strangers' handicap was secured by C. A. W. Aylen (Keble), who, with 250 yards start, defeated R. M. Gaskell (New), 200 yards start, by 10 yards, M. H. Godby (Christ Church) being third from the 20 yards mark.

Brighton and County Harriers were busily engaged in decaling their five miles race for the Loder Cup, to which was attached a sealed handicap. The first man home in the scratch race was W. Baker, who covered the course in 29 min. 48 sec. Pullinger was second, and Plumer third. In the handicap, Watford was first, Plumer second, and Brown third.

The Isledon Harriers had a little more luck than the other Metropolitan clubs, for they were able to decide their five miles open handicap at Alexandra Palace. Fifty-seven of the original entry faced the starter, and the winner turned up in S. J. Barratt (Highgate Harriers), who had the useful start of 3 min. 20 sec. S. J. Woolley, of the same club, was second, and F. J. Hughes (Cambridge Harriers) third.

BILLIARDS

The Billiard Amateur Championship has again resulted in the victory of Mr. S. S. Christey, who defeated Mr. C. V. Diehl in the final. It must be said, however, that the competition this year has been the reverse of fortunate, as Mr. A. R. Wisdom, undoubtedly the best of all our amateur players, was unable to compete in consequence of the lamentable death of his father-in-law, Mr. W. J. Innes; and here I should like to add my sympathy to that of every other sportsman to the family who mourns the loss of one of the finest judges of every class of sport, and one of the most generous men that ever trod the earth.

The latest sensation in billiards is the formation of a professional combination, apparently all the leading players taking part in the movement. It is proposed to form the professional association to safeguard the interests of the paid players who are dissatisfied with some of the rules of the association. How the latter body will take the new idea remains to be seen. Personally, I think the pro's are making a *faux pas*.

BANSHEE.

KEMPTON PARK RACES: AT THE WATER JUMP IN THE UXBRIDGE STEEPLECHASE.

MR. S. S. CHRISTEY, WHO WON THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP AT BILLIARDS LAST WEEK.

HE IS HERE SHOWS ABOUT TO ATTEMPT A "STEEPLECHASE" SHOT, A FAVOURITE OF HIS.

THE RACING WORLD.

THE ordinary racegoer, frequently a grumbler about the way his expenses mount up, was very wroth indeed on Saturday when for several hours his opportunity for spending money was absolutely wiped out. Considered by ordinary railway tariffs, the rate charged for the return journey by special train between London and Kempton is not particularly cheap. All the same, through such expedition proved the way to cutting down personal expenses. The fare, spread out over a period of six hours, was all that travellers could part with in that time, many who essayed to reach Sunbury in the hope of assisting at what, given ordinary luck, would have been first-rate sport, were cut off from all sorts of disbursements. There they were, and there they stuck in carriages which themselves did as much stopping and waiting about as anything else, and all manner of stories are now being told of personal adventures.

Some of the well informed thought they could take advantage of local knowledge and get back to London from Kingston by the ordinary route better than by sticking to the special, after news arrived that the afternoon's programme was abandoned. As they had spent three hours en route from the Metropolis to Kingston, naturally they were eager to reduce the home journey as much as possible, and in the endeavour were an hour longer than the fellow-voyagers they forsook. Not often do we have so unfortunate an upset of arrangements. As a matter of fact, racing is particularly favoured as a rule.

The fog caused great trouble also to the large number of people anxious to attend the funeral of Mr. W. J. Innes, who had perhaps been connected with sporting journalism as long as any of those now really on active duty. Often in making these racing notes for the *P.I.P.* I have been indebted to my kindly confrère for information he might quite justifiably have reserved for his own purposes. The esteem in which he was held for his good works was testified to by the large gathering on Saturday in Forest Hill Cemetery, in which were representatives of sport in all its branches, and the genuine regret shown for the loss of a thoroughly good-hearted, generous practiser and supporter of our pastimes.

In the racing world Mr. Billy Innes held great influence in many directions. He was by unanimous consent considered the spokesman to voice the professional turfmen's opinions and sentiments. Among them no one was better known or could be equally liked; at the same time, his acquaintance was not limited to any rank in this country, and I should think that in our Colonies, more especially in Australia, few would know of him to one able to quote a contemporary sporting journalist. The little man lived to do good, and found no days long enough for him in that occupation. If the amount he collected to relieve distress among racing folk and others could be correctly calculated, the total must reach a really enormous sum. Not only did he give much labour and time to what is really very arduous work in this regard, but he was almost lavish as a contributor himself. Many is the poor broken-down member of the sporting world who, when the sad news of his benefactor's death came to hand, was left wondering how he would rub along in the future without Mr. Innes' kindly aid.

Of Turf news very little is going just now. We are not far enough advanced in the National Hunt season to be able to find items of strong interest; and as for statistics, though there are plenty, very few seem to me to care about them. Perhaps the most live item in the list is the Jockey Club's ordering that no one shall be on the course at the starting-point of a race unless consent has been obtained from the Stewards or the Starter himself. That must prevent the repetition of such a dreadful muddle as probably cost Torrent's owner the stake and other winnings. The business is all over and done with now, and the sooner the unpleasantness is forgiven the better, but while one should always be generous enough to forgive, forgetting so as not to profit by experience is simply idiotic.

The new rule should save much unpleasantness in the future; so, I think, would shaping the starting-gate's arrangements to fit in with William I'Anson's proposal made at the Gimcrack Club's annual banquet. The Malton trainer's idea is to have a chalk line or scratch some distance behind the barrier, and let horses walk from this line, so as to be under some sort of way when asked to begin galloping. All manner of remedies for ameliorating the conditions of things rendered well-nigh intolerable by existent practice have been volunteered. Suggestions of all sorts, even to the abolition of the gate itself. That is the sort of alteration which would be most welcome of all to your faithful servant

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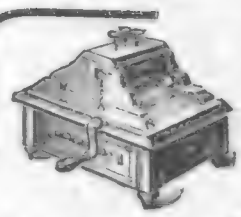

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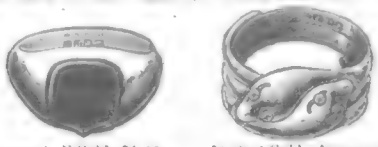

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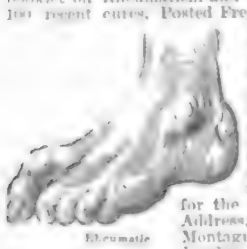

Rheumatic and Gouty Foot.

BARBARA'S STORMY WOOING.

By BERTHA M. CLAY,

Author of "For Love of Marjorie," "The Mystery of Woodcroft," "An Ideal Love," "Lawyer Bell," "Her Soldier Lover," etc.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: Cecil Trevor, the new Squire of Willowhurst, coming down unknown to his property, sees and admires pretty Barbara Graham. Barbara, however, has another wooer in Lawyer Kennedy, who holds her father, Captain Graham, under his thumb in connection with a forgery committed by that weak and shiftless person, and who insists on marriage with the daughter as an alternative to prosecution and disgrace.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN GRAHAM LEAVES WILLOWHURST.

FOR a moment it seemed to Barbara that the world was slipping away from her, and she sank helplessly into a chair, Her father was standing near by, his ashen lips twitching convulsively.

"I haven't a friend on earth," he grumbled tremulously, "and I haven't the faintest idea of Kennedy's power. He says the new Squire has instructed him to proceed. Oh, I feel that I could kill him!"

"We have only ourselves to blame," Barbara said.

"Meaning me, of course! A nice daughter you are—when a word from you would save everything! You might have been a peeress had you had an atom of common-sense. Fitzmaurice worshipped you. And now you insult Kennedy, who appears to hold us in the hollow of his hand." He shed maudlin tears, and swore vengeance in a breath; he inveighed against Heaven and man.

"My people are rich, and your mother's people are rich, and yet we cannot raise a shilling! My daughter can save me by holding up one finger, and she won't. She can go philandering about with a good-looking jackanapes, and blush and simper at his idiotic remarks, and bring him to the door in the face of the whole village, but when I want her to be civil for my sake to men of substance, there's a different tune."

He waved his hands about frantically. "I will end it all by shooting myself—by Heaven I will!"

Barbara had heard this threat so many times that she heeded it no longer. She listened to her father's cruel words, and watched his ans i s with mingled feelings of misery and scorn.

"What would you have me do?" she asked, with quivering lips. One hand was pressed tightly against her heart.

A gleam of hope sprang into his eyes, and he faced her appealingly.

"Oh, my girl, can't you see the terrible depths to which I have descended? One more chance and I will lead a different life. Is it not dreadful that a gentleman should be in the hands of such wretched people as tradesmen—and—and this lawyer? And yet Kennedy is not half so bad; he said things that he never meant—because you will not give him a kind word. He is desperately fond of you, and would gladly help us out of our difficulties if you would promise to consider his offer of marriage."

"Fond of me!" she said scornfully—"the man who has just threatened to make me homeless and you a criminal! Father, I feel that life is ended for me." Her heart surged up into her throat. "I don't know what you have been doing, but I do know that I cannot help you in the way you desire. If your only chance of safety is in flight, then I will fly with you, and we will make a new beginning in another land—anywhere!"

She had risen while speaking, and left the room with a hopeless, despairing gesture that was almost tragic in its intensity.

The Captain rose also, and looked after her with bloodshot eyes.

"The young fool!" He pressed his hands to his head. "I must do something. I must see Kennedy."

He went out into the quiet, dusty street, and the gate clicked after him. He looked back at the rose-embowered cottage and its garden aflame with flowers, and a bitter sneer passed over his face.

"How long have I vegetated here? Four years. Four years out of a man's life is a big slice, particularly when that slice is absolutely colourless. And all for the whim of a girl! I have always had to sacrifice myself for my relations."

The sun was setting redly over the hills, and the fragrance of the new-mown hay filled his nostrils.

"Bah!" he muttered angrily. "I hate the odour of the confounded place! It is only fit for old women and girls."

He turned into the White Hart, and called for a brandy-and-soda, tossing down his last shilling with the air of a man of fortune.

"And a sixpenny cigar," he added; thinking grimly to himself, "I've got the revolver left at least."

"Lovely evening, Captain," said the landlord, polishing a glass for the twentieth time. His eyes were furtively watching Graham's flushed face.

"Oh, hang your lovely evenings! We can't live on 'em, eh? And this eternal quiet is maddening to a man of action. You are all drifting into a state of semi-idiocy."

"I was born here, Sir, and am quite satisfied."

"Never been out of it, I suppose?" sneered Graham. "Grass-green—sappy! Here, let me have another drink, Trumble. What do you want to quarrel with me for?"

"I never quarrel with my customers, Captain. A brandy-and-soda? Sixpence, please."

Graham snatched up the drink and swallowed it hastily, remarking: "Put that on the slate, and while you are about it, Trumble, make it a shilling."

"I'd rather not, Captain; you've had quite enough."

"You won't trust me?"

"I have trusted you too much. No offence. When the brewer comes I have to pay him, you see. If I did not I should have nothing to sell or give away," he added rather spitefully.

Graham glared through a window and muttered something about the "impertinence of beastly tradesmen."

A fly drew up at the door, and at the same instant a quick step was heard descending the stairs. The landlord darted round the bar, smiling obsequiously, and took the modest portmanteau from the hand of his departing guest.

"A pleasant journey, Mr. Williams, and I hope to see you at the White Hart again very soon. I have sent your note to Lawyer Kennedy. Get out, Rover!" he added to the retriever dog. "How he has taken to you, Sir!"

"I hope to be back in a week's time, landlord, and shall certainly be a fixture," answered Trevor, with a light laugh.

"I am pleased to hear it, and I am sure that I can make you comfortable here until your house is built—or ready for occupation."

"My house is ready, thanks. Hello, Captain Graham! I was in two minds whether to call and say good-bye." He glanced at his watch. "I'm going to London to-night, and have just about twenty minutes to spare."

Graham looked at him sourly. Who was the man, and what was he? His companionship had been pleasant, but the Captain had noticed how Barbara had blushed in the fellow's presence. Was he going to ask for the return of the few shillings he had lent?

"I would ask you to have a parting drink, Williams, only that my funds are low until I get my quarterly dividends."

Graham's quarterly dividends had become a joke at Willowhurst.

Trevor drew him to one side. "I don't require anything now, thank you, Captain. If I can be of service to you I shall be pleased, and you can repay me at some future time."

He hesitated and reddened slightly. It was not an easy thing to offer Barbara Graham's father money. It was almost like offering an insult to Barbara herself. He knew also that it was bribery and corruption on his part.

The Captain regarded him with grateful eyes. "I did not ask you for it, Williams, and I must insist upon giving you an I O U."

He tore a leaf from a dilapidated pocket-book. "How much shall it be?"

"Never mind the I O U. I hope that we are gentlemen." He pressed a ten-pound note into Graham's moist hand. "I—please don't tell your daughter about this little transaction."

The Captain shed tears of gratitude. "My dividends are due on the twenty-fourth, Williams, and I will not fail to repay you. Good-bye." They shook hands, and Trevor entered the fly and was driven to the railway-station.

When the carriage was out of sight, Graham re-entered the White Hart, and demanded that his glass be replenished.

"Here you are, Trumble. Change this ten-pound note for me, if you have sufficient money in the house, and take what I owe. How busy and polite you can become all at once!" he added, with a sneer.

"Yes, Sir," the landlord answered cheerfully.

Graham drank his liquor, gathered up the change, and turned his steps towards Lawyer Kennedy's house in a wrathful mood. He rang the bell violently, and was ushered into the lawyer's office by a servant-woman.

Kennedy followed immediately upon his heels. "Well, Sir?" he demanded.

"I am here, Sir, for an explanation," blustered Graham. "An explanation of your blackguardly and unseemly conduct towards my daughter. I defy you and your threats—and I have sufficient money to buy you up twice over." He tapped his pockets and lurched into a chair.

"I observe that you are drunk," was Kennedy's cold reply. "And expecting something of this kind, I have requisitioned the services of an officer of the law to watch your movements. The policeman is in the hall now. What more have you to say? Nothing? I thought as much. Let me add that I have made no empty threats, and within twenty-four hours you will be behind prison bars"—he bowed mockingly—"unless you beg my pardon, and Miss Graham decides to reconsider matters." He touched a bell, and a policeman entered the room.

No. 33.

£50 IS OFFERED YOU. (SEE PAGE 374.)

No. 34.

£50 IS OFFERED YOU. (SEE PAGE 374.)

"IT IS WORTH KNOWING" if you have a cough that the quickest and simplest remedy—let alone its cheapness—is KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One alone relieves coughs, asthma, and bronchitis. As a Cough Remedy they are simply unrivalled. Sold everywhere in tins, 13½d. each; free for stamps. Thomas Keating, Chemist, London.—[Advt.]

"See the gentleman out, Judkins."

The Captain had not a word to say; he was completely sobered and terrified. His one thought was escape. He glanced behind, and was relieved to find that the officer was not following him. He strode along in his usual stately manner until he had left the village a full mile away. It was beginning to get dusk now, and he was glad of it. The nearest railway-station was called Whitechurch, and was two miles distant. The stationmaster knew him well. It would be better to walk to Tunbridge Wells, four miles further still, and catch the last train to London.

"I will write to Barbara from London," he thought. "It was she who suggested flight, and it is really her fault that I am placed in this humiliating position. I will get legal advice in town, and Lawyer Kennedy shall be made to eat his words!"

CHAPTER V.

BARBARA'S SUSPENSE.

THE Captain's hours had always been irregular. At eleven o'clock Barbara retired to her room without any feelings of alarm at his continued absence, though she reflected rather bitterly that at such a time as the present he might have had a little consideration for her. She was quite alone in the house, and her nerves were so tense that she felt ready to scream at the sound of a creaking door or the tapping of a branch against her bed-room window.

She heard the clock strike twelve, and just when she had decided that it was impossible to sleep she dropped into a heavy slumber filled with grotesque dreams.

When she opened her eyes the sun was shining brightly, and a thousand birds were acclaiming the advent of another glorious day.

Barbara dressed hastily, and went to her father's door. She tapped it sharply, but there was no answer. She sped to the head of the stairs, and looked down at the hat-rack in the passage. There was no hat there, and she knew that he had only one. Then she pushed open his door. The bed was undisturbed. For a moment Barbara felt faint. She remembered his threats of self-destruction, but then he had talked in this way for years when depressed. She busied herself downstairs and prepared the breakfast.

Possibly he had joined a small card-party. There were a number of inveterate card-players in Willowhurst who frequently spent the night over their favourite pastime.

So she consoled herself until the hands of the clock pointed to the hour of nine. The postman had long since passed, and the village children were on their way to school. Barbara was growing desperate.

She put on her hat and went into the front garden. The odour of the roses and of the clematis made her feel faint. The song of a thrush in the hedgerow sounded shrill and discordant.

An old man was passing, and Barbara motioned to him. He was one of those men to be seen in most villages who get through life without work. They live on the corner of some particular street during the day, and at night are to be found at the alehouse.

The man paused and touched his cap. "Do 'e want me, Miss?" he asked.

He had seen the girl's lips move, but heard no speech.

"Yes—yes," she panted. "You know my father—Captain Graham?"

"Sure! A grand gen'leman. Many a pint o' 'arf-an-'arf have the Cap'n give me, Miss, for doin' errands and the like."

He wiped his lips with his coatsleeve in anticipation.

"My father did not come home last night, and I want you to—to—make inquiries." Barbara was conscious that her action would set the village on fire, but she was desperate.

"He went out in the evening as usual, and I have heard nothing of him since. Find out everything for me, please, and I will pay you. What is your name?"

"Jerry Harker, Miss, thank 'ee."

"Oh, go quickly—quickly!"

But Jerry had pursed up his lips, and was scratching his head in approved country style.

No. 35.

£50 IS OFFERED YOU. (SEE PAGE 374.)

"All right, Miss; but wait a bit, I do hear as the Cap'n were seen a good mile past Whitechurch Station last night, an' he were walkin' at top speed. It were Bill Flatman, the fishmonger, what see him as he were drivin' home from the market, an' Bill, he calls 'good-night' to the Cap'n, and the Cap'n swore at him. At least, Bill Flatman says so. Anyhow, I'll find all about 'un."

Barbara listened with bated breath, and only hoarsely murmured: "Yes—yes—go!" as Jerry Harker toddled away.

She went indoors, and, seating herself at the window, waited, a sickening pain at her heart. A woman passed the house, and Barbara thought that she gazed at it with curious eyes.

At last Jerry Harker came in at the gate, and the landlord of the White Hart was with him.

Barbara rose and opened the door, inviting them to come in, but Mr. Trumble touched his cap, and smiled cheerfully, saying that there was not much to tell. Captain Graham called at the White Hart the previous evening, but left between seven and eight o'clock. He went to Lawyer Kennedy's office, and then strolled in the direction of Whitechurch. That was all there was to tell. No doubt the young lady would hear of, or from, him very soon.

With this Barbara had to be content, and it certainly lessened the pain at her heart. She thanked Mr. Trumble, and rewarded Jerry Harker with a coin

So the day passed, and it seemed to be the longest day of her life.

The Vicar called in the evening, and he appeared to be very much concerned. He had heard all kinds of rumours in the village. He was a sympathetic and tactful man, and asked no unnecessary questions.

"I feel angry with Captain Graham," he said, his eyes sparkling resentfully. "I have felt angry with him for a long time, and when I have spoken to him his abuse has been too dreadful to bear repetition. Miss Graham, you must come to me if you need help. Promise me—no, it will not be a trouble, but a pleasure."

"I promise," Barbara said, a sob in her throat.

"There's a good girl."

The Vicar still lingered. "I don't like leaving you in your loneliness, Miss Graham. Will you walk back to the Vicarage with me? My wife will be pleased to have you spend the evening with us."

"Oh, no, no—thank you. I dare not leave the house," the girl hastened to say.

"Perhaps you are right. Well, good-night. I shall call again to-morrow morning; and let us hope for good news of the errant one."

Even while the Rev. Mr. Villiers was on the doorstep a boy came to the gate and handed Barbara a sealed envelope. She took it with shaking hands, and the Vicar stood aside while she read the contents.

This is how the enclosure ran—

Dear Miss Graham,—I hope that you have reconsidered my proposal, and that you will forgive any harsh expressions I may have used in the heat of my anger and disappointment. I am ready to forget and to forgive everything. I hear that your father has fled from Willowhurst, but I am having him tracked. Send me just a word of encouragement and all will be well; otherwise I cannot stay my hand.—Yours very sincerely, FRANK KENNEDY.

Barbara read the missive and then handed it to the Vicar, who perused it with a puzzled face.

"I don't understand this, Miss Graham," he said, knitting his brows. "I have hitherto believed that Mr. Kennedy was a gentleman. Will you enlighten me?"

Barbara did so simply. "He has persecuted

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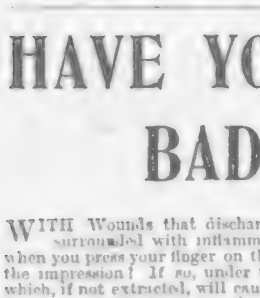

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Do you have sneezing spells?
Is the sense of smell leaving?
Is there fullness in the throat?
Do you have to clear the throat?
Do you expectorate frequently?
Do you sleep with the mouth open?
Are you nauseated in the morning?
Do you have aching pains in the limbs?
Is there pain in the front of the head?
Is there dropping of phlegm in the throat?

A further explanation of the causes of these symptoms, and a more complete description of the various forms of catarrh, can be found in the last issue of **The Review of Ear, Nose, and Throat Diseases.** Those who are interested can obtain a free copy of this Medical Publication by addressing The Editor, Drouet Institute, 10, Marble Arch, London, W.

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WITH Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation, and so swollen that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression? If so, under the skin you have poison which, if not extracted, will cause you suffering till death releases you. Perhaps your knees are swollen, the joints being ulcerated; the same with the ankles, round which the skin may be discoloured, or there may be wounds. The disease if allowed to continue will deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals, and had medical advice and been told your case is hopeless or advised to submit to amputation; but do not, for I CAN CURE YOU. I don't say perhaps; but I WILL. Numbers have consulted me and been cured, after suffering from one to twenty years. If possible, call, or send a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. to ALBERT, 73A, Farringdon Street, London, and you will receive a box of

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me with his odious attentions for a long time, and made me an offer of marriage. I declined to listen to him. He then charged my father with obtaining money from him by fraud. I know nothing about this money, but he threatens to prosecute my father criminally, and to sell up our home for the rent owing unless I accede to his wishes. That is all."

"All? And quite enough." The Vicar's voice was full of bitter contempt. "The dastard—to persecute a helpless girl! You will pay no attention to this?"

"None whatever."

"Then leave it to me. Your home shall not be sold. The Squire would never permit it."

"The Squire has authorised it," Barbara answered faintly; but the Vicar said "Good-night," and was gone.

CHAPTER VI.

A CLERGYMAN AND A CHRISTIAN.

THERE was news of Captain Graham for Barbara by the next morning's post, but it was of a disquieting kind. She had risen early, and watched for the postman, and when he handed her a letter, he cheerfully remarked that "he was glad that the Cap'n was all right." He evidently knew the handwriting, and lingered a moment as though hopeful of hearing the contents of the letter.

But Barbara retired indoors rather hastily, one hand pressed to her side to still the wild beating of her heart. Then she nervously tore open the letter, and read as follows—

My dear Daughter,—I have taken your suggestion, and skipped (as the Americans say) out of Willowhurst. I had a very narrow shave, as I learnt positively that Kennedy had placed our disagreement in the hands of the police. I swear to you that I have done no intentional wrong, but I know nothing of the law, and shall seek eminent advice in London. If things look black I shall go abroad. I am penniless, as you know, and if you hear of my suicide, don't worry. I have always been unfortunate, and shall be best out of the world. I am quite satisfied that you are well able to take care of yourself, and if you should at any time get into clover, or change your mind as regards Lawyer Kennedy, a notice in the agony column of the *Daily Telegraph* will be duly appreciated by your unhappy father. I am now an outcast and an exile, until something brings relief, either death or the help of someone who is not utterly selfish. I dare not give you an address, so good-bye, Barbara.—Your affectionate father, BASIL GRAHAM.

Barbara laid the letter aside, a dry, gasping sob passing her lips. She was alone at last, and could realise the worst. Her father had deserted her in the most cowardly manner, and it seemed at that moment every spark of affection for him was dead.

She went about her household duties in a dazed, mechanical way. The deep anguish in her heart was gone, her nerves were blunted. Even a peremptory double knock on the door did not cause her to start, and she walked steadily to answer the summons. A man was already in the little passage, called by courtesy the hall, and he doffed his hat politely—apologetically—when he beheld the sad-faced girl. He was a young fellow, and introduced himself as an auctioneer's clerk from Whitechurch. Another man was leering behind him, an ugly, greasy individual, who smelt strongly of stale tobacco and beer.

"You are Miss Graham?" said the auctioneer's clerk. "I understand that Captain Graham is away, and our firm has been instructed to collect the rent due to Squire Trevor. It is only a matter of thirty pounds and our expenses, Miss, and I hope that I shall have no reason to leave my man. Here is my warrant if you wish to read it."

He motioned his man to come inside and close the door.

"I cannot pay you," said Barbara stonily. "You can have everything, and I will go."

The clerk was evidently much distressed. "Beastly shame!" he muttered, casting his eyes speculatively about him. Then he added, "Oh, don't be downhearted, Miss; these little things are of daily occurrence, and there are several ways out of the trouble. I am merely doing a duty that I detest. You won't mind my making an inventory, will you, and then I can offer some advice when I see the value of the goods."

Barbara bowed her head, and while she waited in the sitting-room the auctioneer's clerk went rapidly through the house.

When he had finished, the Rev. Mr. Villiers was with Barbara, looking very wrathful indeed. He had read Captain Graham's last letter to his daughter, and gave utterance to things not usually associated with the cloth.

The auctioneer's clerk waited in the hall, and the Vicar stepped forward to meet him.

"I wish to discuss this matter with you," he said. "That young lady is absolutely friendless. My word, Sir, I will make it warm yet for Mr. Frank Kennedy! Now, what is the amount of the levy? About thirty-two pounds up till now. And what are the effects worth?"

"Less than that from our point of view. You see, there is nothing of any value—say twenty-five pounds."

The Vicar reflected. "And you must leave that foul-smelling man here?"

"Until the sale—yes, unless I am paid out. We can't sell for a few days, only by consent of Miss Graham."

"Then I will pay you out now; but you must pretend that the goods are worth fifty pounds. You will purchase them at your own valuation?"

"Certainly; that is part of our business."

"Very well. If you will come to the Vicarage I will give you my cheque, and in a day or two you can fetch the goods and profess to pay me. Miss Graham cannot stay here after this, and I want to give her fifteen or twenty pounds, which she must understand is the balance due on the furniture."

"You are a Christian gentleman, Sir," the young fellow said with tears in his eyes.

"I hope so, Sir. That is my calling, and I only wish that I were able to lighten the sorrows of some deserving fellow-creature every day. Send that unwashed possession-man about his business, and come with me to the Vicarage."

Mr. Villiers bustled back to the room wherein he had left Barbara. He appeared to be quite happy in his little scheme of deception.

"It's all right," he said cheerfully. "The auctioneer is withdrawing on condition that you let him have the furniture for fifty pounds, so that the rent will be paid without further bother, and you will have a balance of nearly twenty pounds due to you. I consider this a most excellent arrangement. Besides, you can have the use of the goods until you are prepared to go elsewhere. I will be back again soon, when we can discuss the future."

He waved his hand cheerily and left the house. He saw the girl's gratitude in her eloquent eyes, and he was satisfied.

So the worst was over, and Barbara breathed freely again. Lawyer Kennedy had done his utmost as far as she was concerned, and had failed. A little thrill of satisfaction stirred within her, born of her hatred and contempt for the vindictive and mean-souled man. As for her father, she knew that he would save his skin at somebody's expense, and her future was in her own hands. If she felt a pang over anything, it was the action of the new squire, who had pretended so much interest and friendship, and had then been a party to his agent's cruelty.

The Vicar was not long absent, and there was a thoughtful, settled purpose in his eyes. He placed eighteen sovereigns in Barbara's hand and a receipt for the rent.

"I had no idea that I was so good a man of business," he laughed. "Truly I am developing a commercial mind. That is yours, to do what you like with, Miss Barbara."

Barbara looked at the money. "I can discharge the little debts in the village and still have five pounds of this left. I have a list here. Then I have twenty pounds due to me for work, so that I am not very poor."

A note of glee entered her voice.

"And now for the future," the Vicar said, with a nod of approval. "One moment, let me outline my plan—and, mind you, I have thought it over carefully. Will you come and live at the Vicarage? I am childless, and you could help me and my wife in many ways. You would have ample time for your painting, and I don't see why we should not be very happy together."

He stopped suddenly, for a look of pain had stolen into Barbara's eyes.

"You don't like the idea?" he questioned regretfully.

"There are so many painful memories, Mr. Villiers, and I should not like to be pitied. Oh, you are so kind!"

"Who would pity you?"

"Everybody."

"Silly child! You are still afraid of Mr. Kennedy?"

"Yes," admitted Barbara. "I should not like to be forced to meet him. And there are others——"

"I understand."

But he did not understand. Barbara was thinking of the new Squire, behind whose generous and manly looking mask was a heart of adamant. She never wished to see him again.

"Then you must let me know your views, and I will help you to my utmost."

"I know that you will, Mr. Villiers, and some day I hope to be able to repay you. I don't think that I can depend upon my painting, and the life would be so lonely wherever I am. I have been reading the newspaper this morning, and lots of young women are wanted for governesses, companions, and that sort of thing. I believe that I am fully qualified, and it would be no harm to try."

"No," the clergyman said doubtfully.

"I have marked nearly twenty of these wants, and will write to them all this afternoon, promising to accept nothing without first consulting you."

"Good girl!" Mr. Villiers exclaimed, patting her brown hair. "Well, well, I am rather disappointed, but I shall not lose sight of you, and perhaps you will want to come back again after all." He glanced at his watch. "Dear, dear! I have several calls to make and it is twelve o'clock. After you have written your letters come and take tea with us, will you?"

Barbara promised, and the Vicar left.

In the afternoon she wrote the letters and wondered what she should do if everybody wished to engage her. It would cause an almost endless amount of correspondence.

Then she carefully collected all the unpaid tradesmen's bills and totalled them together. Thirteen pounds! And it would be a pleasant duty to discharge these wretched little debts. An hour later Barbara left the cottage and commenced her little round. First of all she posted her letters, and flushed a little under the inquisitive scrutiny of the weak-eyed postmaster. Then she went to the grocer's, and, presenting the account that had been so many times rendered, laid its equivalent in gold on the counter.

The grocer was amazed. Barbara had purposely displayed a purse full of money. She could not resist the temptation.

And so on all round, and soon the tradesmen were discussing the affair in little knots.

"She's got some money from somewhere," said the postmaster. "A letter came from the old boy this morning, but there was no money in that."

"The brokers went in this morning for thirty odd, and were paid out," the grocer joined in. "Blest if it don't knock me! But I've got my bit, and don't care now."

"Do you think the Vicar's helping the young lady?"

"Bah! Trust a parson for helping anybody but himself," sneered the butcher. "Fine words and soft soap, but when it comes to anything solid their name's Walker!"

In the meanwhile Barbara had turned in the direction of the Vicarage, and she was looking almost mournfully at the many familiar spots which would so soon be memories of the past.

All at once she heard a quick step behind her, and was startled to hear the hateful, plausible voice of Lawyer Kennedy.

"Miss Graham, upon my life!" he exclaimed.

She flashed upon him a haughty glance, albeit her heart was throbbing painfully, and endeavoured to pass on.

"No, no," he said. "I must have a word with you. Shall I walk with you, Miss Graham?"

(To be continued.)

No. 36.

£50 IS OFFERED YOU. (SEE PAGE 374)

The Dispute between the theatres and music-halls has entered on a new phase. The theatre managers had a meeting last week and decided to leave any further legal proceedings until after the pantomimes were over, owing to the number of performers from the halls engaged at Christmas on the regular stage. For example, two of the most popular music-hall artists, Messrs. Dan Leno and Harry Randall, head the cast at Drury Lane. "Humpty-Dumpty" will be a panto-mime of a delightful kind, full of drollery and splendour, Mr. Arthur Collins having produced it with his accustomed liberality, sparing no expense. The rehearsals are in full swing, and I expect every seat will be disposed of before Boxing night.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

SULPHOLINE SKIN LOTION.—The only effective remedy for SKIN TROUBLES. SULPHOLINE quickly drives away Eruptions, Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Blackheads and all Disfigurements, developing a fair, spotless skin and beautiful complexion. SULPHOLINE LOTION, 1s. Bottles.—[ADVT.]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

IT may seem absurd to write about the winter sales when December is but half over, but it is not so very long before the 1st of January, although it is probable that many of the sales will not begin until Monday, the 4th. There will be, I should think, many fur stoles selling at reduced prices—that is, with a few shillings off the usual price. Much depends upon the weather. If it is very cold, the reduction on furs and warm coats and jackets will not be very great. If a mild spell should set in, then there will be a "slump" in warm clothing. I wish I could hope to see again that comfort of comforts for wintry weather, the "storm" collar, to cloaks, capes, jackets, and stoles. Outdoor garments which are made open in front to show an ornamental blouse beneath are enough to make us shiver, even to look at, and what they must be to wear I do not know, and I do not mean to try. I search the shops in vain for an outdoor wrap with a high collar to protect the ears and back of the head, but there is

Nothing of the Kind

to be found. It is a great misfortune that they have gone out of fashion, but that capricious Dame is always doing us a bad turn. Some of the prettiest presents for Christmas are to be found at Messrs. Dickins and Jones', Hanover House, Regent Street. There are articles to suit all pockets, but I am bound to say that women with very little money to spend would be wise to avoid the temptations that a visit to the establishment will subject them. I recommend my readers to buy

The Christmas Presents Number

of the *Lady's Pictorial*, date Dec. 5. It is a wonderful number, and it will be a great help to ladies who live in the country, as it will enable them to do their London shopping by post. The lace at Dickins and Jones' is most beautiful, and their imitations of real lace are admirable. Nicknacks of all kinds and various prices can be bought at Hanover House. Among others there is a

Fascinating Little "Parcel-Post Cabinet."

A sketch of it will be found on page 1179 of the C. P. Number of the *Lady's Pictorial* before mentioned. This cabinet contains everything that is needed for the putting up of a parcel for the post. It is made of roan leather, fitted with everything that a parcel—or, rather, the packer of a parcel—can desire. This is worth looking after. Everyone who has ever put up a parcel knows what a hunt there is to find string, a knife to cut the same, sealing-wax, gum, and a label. This cabinet contains all these things. Gloves are a welcome Christmas present, and a pretty dress-length for a girl who has a few evening parties in prospect, and but a small supply of pin-money, is very acceptable. I have seen at Whiteley's some beautiful silk and wool mousselines which would make up into

Lovely Evening Frocks,

forty-four inches wide, and to be bought in cream, blue, pink, and other soft shades. The material is charming, with a bloom upon it like soft satin.

Anyone who would be glad to secure pretty and original Christmas cards should ask for Faulkner's; theirs are really some of the best and the prettiest I have seen. The taste displayed in them is excellent, and they are not commonplace. The supply of dolls is endless in all the shops. I saw many dainty specimens at Woollands, in Knightsbridge; but do not forget the names of firms in the country mentioned lately by me, where it is possible to get everything under one roof that everyone can want possibly! In this cold weather it is delightful to be able to go from one department to another under cover, and to find every want satisfied. It is not necessary for those who are in the large provincial cities to rush off to London to shop, and money should be spent if possible where the buyers live.

This is the season of artificial light, for we have now to turn on the gas or electric lights for afternoon tea, and to think about the many hours of glare that our poor eyes have to endure. The prettiest lamp-shades in the market, made of tinted silk or paper made to look as unlike paper as possible, can be bought or made to order by "Les Fleurs," 3, Thackeray Street, which turns out of Kensington Square. The paper shades are very

Pretty and Inexpensive.

Those in silk, hand-tinted, are, of course, more costly, but they are exquisite and very elegant-looking. If any of my readers are in Kensington High Street, let them turn down Young Street into the Square, and, at the end of the side that Young Street leads into, a turn to the left takes them into Thackeray Street, and No. 3 is not difficult to find.

I am not sure that I care to discuss the rival merits of wigs and transformations in the "World of Women." The wig and transformation are not exactly the same thing, but there is a strong family likeness between the two. With the latter some of the wearer's own hair can be mixed in at the back; a wig covers the whole of the head. The wig looks much more "wiggy" than the transformation, but I have seen the transformation—if not well made—look as "wiggy" as any wig. In reply to a "Hater of Shams," I say that I see nothing wrong in wearing a transformation if the hair is thin and poor. There is not a day of my life that I do not come across women who look perfect scarecrows because they will wear their own scanty locks under smart bonnets.

I do not think that I can give much satisfaction to the correspondent who asks me to tell her

What Birds are the Queen's Favourites.

I have been told that she prefers canaries, but then I have heard that bullfinches and goldfinches are her favourites. Her Majesty has had a beautiful new aviary built at Windsor, and in it there are fine specimens of red canaries. The Queen loves all animals and birds, and she is doing her best to prevent the slaughter of redbreasts and bullfinches for the purpose of hat-trimmings. She eschews them as millinery herself.

I recommend the following verses, by an American lady, to my readers. Which of the women described is the clever one?

There are two women whom well I wot,
And one is clever and one is not;
One labours, her livelihood to gain,
With a "really almost masculine brain."
And the skilful work from her ready pen
Has won applause from the world of men:
And the labels she wears in the social mart
Are "brilliant" and "witty" and "keen" and "smart."

And one just gets, by the sunniest smiles
And the most transparent of feminine wiles,
The things she wants from her own liege lord,
By whom she is petted and quite adored:
And if there are other much-coveted ends,
She has always a host of obliging friends
Who are then delighted to be of use
To "such a dear little helpless goose."

There are two women whom well I wot,
And one is clever and one is not.—MARGUERITE.

"WONDER IF THERE'S A PUDDING?"

"YES, THERE IS, I CAN SEE IT COMING."

"WHAT A LOVELY BIG ONE, TOO!"

"CAN'T EAT ANY MORE!"

TOMMY AND THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Photo. Johnston and Hoffmann.

MISS EVELYN BOND,

WHO IS APPEARING IN "THE SCHOOL-GIRL" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Photo. Johnston and Hoffmann.

MISS MADGE LESSING,

WHO THIS CHRISTMAS IS AGAIN TO APPEAR IN PANTOMIME.

THE WORLD OF FASHION: PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAIR WOMEN IN SOCIETY.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

The Brahma Fowl.

THERE is little doubt that the Brahma is not economically the fowl it was, breeding for heavy foot-feather and large hocks having weakened the laying powers and developed the size of the thighs at the expense of the breast. No fowl can maintain a high position unless it has good qualities to support it, and the most certain way to bring about the downfall of any breed is to make external characteristics take the place of more useful points. Brahmas are bred to such a high pitch that they become very valuable indeed from an exhibition point of view, but if this be carried too far it has an injurious effect.

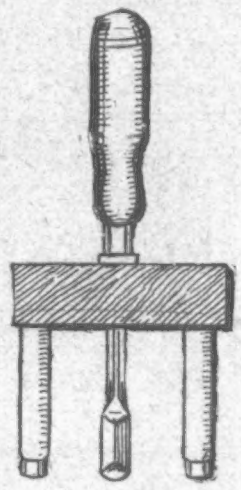
There are two colours of Brahmas, the darks and the lights. Both have pretty much the same external characteristics, but of the two the lights are the best for economic purposes, and in a place where they will not get dirty they are very suitable. In both colours the head is very small in proportion to the body, short and fine in its lines, and surmounted by what is known as a pea-comb, which may be briefly described as a triple comb, the three ridges running side by side, with the centre one rather higher than the other two, and not more than half

THE LIGHT BRAHMA.

an inch in height. The neck, in the cock especially, is very full in the hackle, and has a fine arched appearance, so that the head is forward, just in advance of the breast. The length of the neck depends partly upon the general contour of the fowl, and if the bird is big all over, and full in feather, the length of neck does not matter. The back of the Brahma, what there is seen of it, is wide and flat; but from the neck-hackle, where the feathers join the shoulders, to the root of the tail (the latter covered by what is known as the saddle-hackle), the distance ought to be a short one, and have somewhat the appearance of a "U," though the upper part of this latter does not adequately represent the true form. In the majority of varieties the back slopes down to an angle to the tail, which in its turn takes another angle upwards again. But the Brahma does not do this at all, and a sloping back with a whip tail is altogether out of keeping with the contour of the fowl. This shape is special to the Chinese varieties, more so in the Brahma and the Cochin than in the Langshan, in which the tail partakes of the sickle character.

A Humane Poultry-Killer.

This little instrument, invented by a well-known veterinary surgeon, is specially designed for the use of poultry-keepers and others, enabling them to kill any kind of fowl in a merciful and scientific manner, and at the same time increasing the value of the birds so killed, owing to the precision with which it acts. The flesh of poultry killed by this method will keep longer, is of a finer flavour, and lends itself to subsequent preparation for the table far more readily than the flesh of birds killed by strangling or other unscientific methods, and I can well recommend it as being worth a trial. The reason for its success lies in the fact that the nerves and blood-vessels connected with the brain are completely severed, causing instant death. The operation is very simple, the head of the fowl being placed between the outside "staples" and the bird killed by pressure on the handle.



A POULTRY-KILLER.

Durance of Fertility in Poultry.

If a hen be removed from one breeding-pen and put into another, her eggs will not necessarily cease to be fertile; but the effect of the first male will not be seen after the completion of the batch of eggs she commenced while with that bird, as that of the second commences with the laying of a new batch. There may be a few infertile eggs between times, and these would be at the end of the batch containing the germs of the first male. Many poultry-breeders say that after three weeks one can rely on the progeny containing the blood of the cock last placed with the hen. Sometimes this is so; but there is a well-known instance of a hen being shut in a loft for six weeks, where no male bird could have access to her. All her eggs were good, although laid weeks after the cock was removed. The nearest answer one can give is that save in very exceptional cases a whole batch of eggs is fertilised by the cock running with the hen at the time she began laying. On this subject Dr. H. B. Greene has written: "The answer to this question must be somewhat conjectural. A male turkey by one act fertilises all the eggs (or rather the greater portion) that the hen lays during the season. But with the fowl, pheasant, grouse, and partridge, classified as 'rasors,' my personal opinion is that one successful coitus will fertilise a batch of eggs numbering as many as the hen would form to lay a nest and hatch. In the case of the fowl, there is no reason to suppose that as many as twenty could not be thus fertilised. Certainly twenty ova are frequently attached to the ovary at the same time, of different sizes and stages of development." From these particulars you you will see that it may be three weeks, or it may be longer, or even less, before the taint of the first male disappears from the blood.

Photo. Cribb.

A LADY STATION-"MASTER" AND "SIGNALMAN."

MRS. MERWOOD, WHO HAS BEEN IN CHARGE OF WHIPPINGHAM STATION, ISLE OF WIGHT, FOR OVER SIXTEEN YEARS. SHE COMBINES THE DUTIES OF STATION-MASTER, BOOKING CLERK, PORTER, GATEKEEPER, COLLECTOR, AND SIGNALMAN.

Early Potatoes.

Those who may be thinking of planting down their houses to potatoes this season should procure the seed at once if they have not already got it, says the *Market Gardener*. Sometimes, from one circumstance or another—too often, we fear, through the delay of the seedsman or merchant—the seed potatoes arrive too late to box up early, and it is no use to plant potatoes for early work without a good shoot being upon them. When potatoes come late to hand, turn them out and carefully remove all that show signs of disease, put them back into the bags again, and then put the bags and potatoes into a cucumber-house at work, or some such structure. In such a position in a week or ten days they will be found to have started their eyes. Then they must at once be carefully taken out and be boxed, crown eyes up. Whatever may be the advantage of putting two or three layers of potatoes into boxes to sprout for later work out of doors, there must be no attempt to do this for the early forcing crop. Single layers, crown eyes up, spell success. The boxes should be put in a house at work, say along the front walls of the cucumber-houses, where they can receive the benefit of a light spray when the cucumbers get theirs. When the shoots are one inch long, and brown or green, they are ready to plant—May Queen, Ringleader, Myatt's Ashleaf, Sharpe's Victor, Early Border, and probably Sir John Llewellyn. Although we have not as yet tried this variety we believe it would do well for what we might term a main crop under glass. Up to the present we place May Queen and Ringleader first, Myatt's Ashleaf second, and Sharpe's Victor third. The last-named will bear as large a crop as any, but it is second quality. This is, however, sometimes of little account in early potatoes, therefore it should be included.

Endives.

Endive is being brought into the market in a very green state, and it is consequently saleable only at very low rates. Growers who have quantities of good stuff that does not show signs of rot will do well to lift a portion of their stock with a little soil attached, and lay this in under shedding in coal ashes or fibre of some sort, laying them fairly close together. Quite dark sheds, where the atmosphere can be kept moderately dry, will do very well, or even sheds in the open, so that the rain can be kept off. Here bags or straw hurdles can be put round to keep out the greater part of the light. A dry day must be chosen for the work of lifting, and the plants should be put straight on to handbarrows and be carried direct to the houses or sheds. Frames can be used for the same purpose, providing air is kept on and they are made somewhat dark by mats. More care should be taken by the home grower in producing first-class salading.

All Rural Readers

should make it a point to order *The Penny Illustrated Paper* to be sent them by their newsagents regularly every Friday morning. Don't leave it to chance. Order it in advance to prevent disappointment.

N.B.—The "*P.I.P.* Farmer" will be pleased to reply to rural questions sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, W.C.

"P.I.P." SKETCHES AT CLERKENWELL POLICE COURT.

Six Months' Search.—An arrest in Dalston Lane on Saturday night marked the conclusion of a six months' search by detectives. Charles Richmond, a middle-aged man, was a traveller in the employ of a firm of scientific instrument makers in Hatton Garden. He disappeared, and a warrant was issued for his arrest on a charge of embezzling his employers' money. For six months he was lost to sight. On Saturday night as Detective-Sergeant Baxter and two other officers were passing along Dalston Lane they saw a man who appeared to answer the description of Richmond. They arrested him then and there, and took him off in a cab to the police-station. On Monday he was charged before the magistrate at Clerkenwell, who remanded him.

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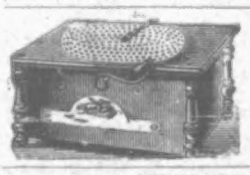

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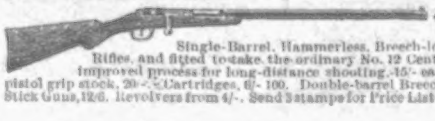

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'Modest Humility is Beauty's Crown.'

HUMANITY OF THIS LIFE.

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride with sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.—WORDSWORTH.

To Live in the Hearts we Leave Behind is Not to Die.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'—SHAKESPEARE.

"I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom," he was able to say. He loved manliness, truth, and justice. He despised all trickery and selfish greed. . . . "Let us have faith that right makes right." . . . Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend or foe. Benevolence and forgiveness were the basis of his character. His Nature was deeply religious, but belonged to no denomination. Architect of his own fortunes, mastering every emergency, fulfilling every duty. As statesman, ruler, and liberator, civilisation will hold his name in perpetual honour.—COL. J. G. NICOLAY, *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

He committed to memory the following sublime poem, and his love of it has certainly made it IMMORTAL. He often said it was one of the finest productions of the English language, and would give a great deal to find out its author.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall die.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climb'd with his goats to the steep,
The beggar who wander'd in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoy'd the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

Here hath been dawning Another blue day; Think, wilt thou let it Slip useless away?
T. CARLYLE.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking from they, too, would shrink;
To the life we are clinging to they, too, would cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ah! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the pale-ness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud.
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

As time rolls his ceaseless course, Christmas after Christmas comes round, and we find our joys and sorrows left behind; so we build up the beings that we are.

What makes a Happy Christmas? Health and the things we love, and those who love us.

AND SUCH IS HUMAN LIFE—SO GLIDING ON; IT GLIMMERS LIKE A METEOR, AND IS GONE!

MORAL!

THE GRINDSTONE OF THIS LIFE IS PAIN AND SUFFERING!

'ONE day a poor broken-down dyspeptic consulted Abernethy. The doctor looked at his tongue, felt his pulse, and inquired after his symptoms. 'Well,' said the frank Abernethy, 'I don't think there is much the matter with you. You want cheerfulness. Go and see that clever fellow Grimaldi. You will get a good hearty laugh! That will do you more good than physic.' 'Alas!' said the patient, 'I am Grimaldi.'"—*Smiles.*

MORAL—AN HONEST, MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD, LIKE

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